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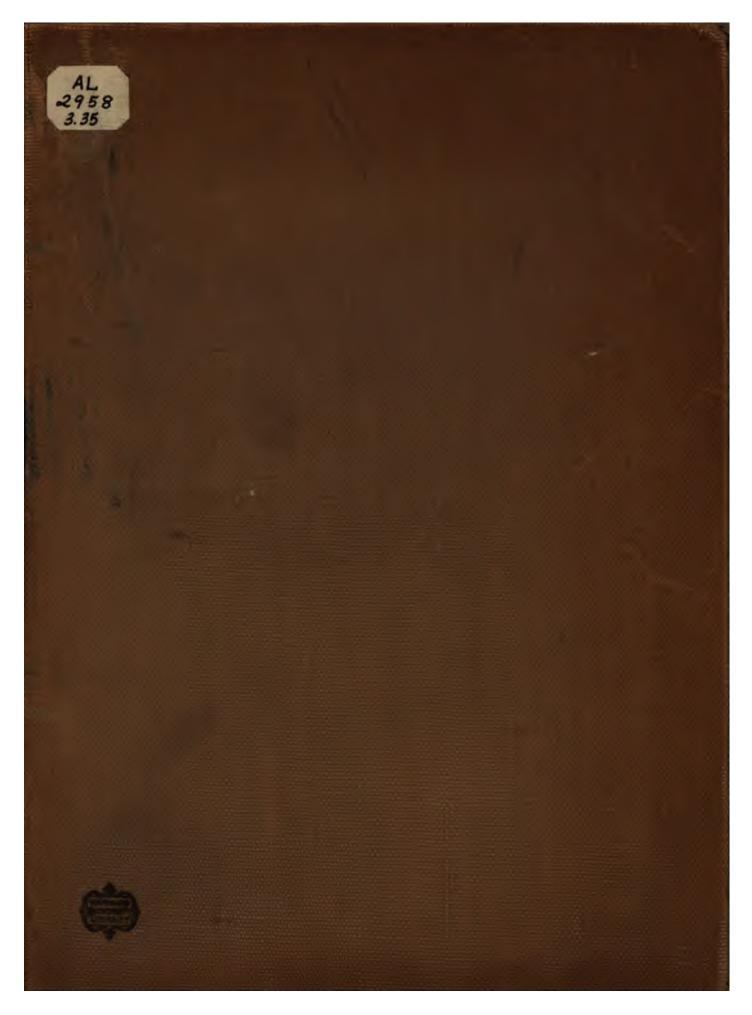
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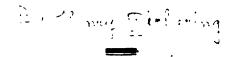
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RUINS OF PÆSTUM:

AND OTHER

COMPOSITIONS IN VERSE.



- 'Tuning my song unto a tender muse,
- 'And like a cobweb weaving slenderly,
- 'Have only play'd.' Spenser's Virgil's Gnat.

Salem: Massachusetts.

PUBLISHED BY CUSHING AND APPLETON.

1822.

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Harvard College Library

Gift of

Miss Longfellow, Mrs. Dans,
and Mrs. Thorp,
Job. 19, 1897.

PRINTED BY JOHN ID. AND THOMAS C. CUSHING, JR DECEMBAR, 1822.

THE

RUINS OF PÆSTUM.

THE RUINS OF PÆSTUM.

HAIL! glorious vestiges of ancient art, Ye proud memorials of an age unknown, That here, sav'd from the wreck of envious Time, In solitary grandeur awful stand-Say whence your origin? and whose the hand (If mortal hand immortal works could rear) That fix'd your deep foundations in the earth, Your mighty walls constructed firm, and rais'd Stupendous to the sky, your columns huge! Perchance in dawn of time, some giant race Dwelt here—some Cyclopean arm here toil'd! Perchance some patron god the work devis'd, And rais'd with hand invisible these piles! -Spirits of air (if such there be) and ye, Shades of a pristine race, who fondly deem'd Their fame imperishable as their works, My reverent invocation deign to hear!

In accents loud proclaim ye their renown,
And to posterity bequeath their names.
What!—will no voice beneficent reply?
None, from the echoing ground, or vocal air,
Gracious vouchsafe response, to mortal ear
Intelligible? Alas, 'tis silence all!
Nought interrupts the deep serene, which here
This azure heaven, earth, air and sky pervades—
Save that along you winding pebbly shore
Is heard the ripple of the dying wave;
Or, that anon the breeze which rustles o'er
The heath, or sighs these mould'ring heaps among,
In mournful cadence sinks upon the heart.

O man, how strange a destiny is thine!
As the bright arch which spans th' ethereal bow,
A moment glitters, and as quickly fades,
So evanescent is thy course! And yet,
Though constant tott'ring on the brink of fate,
Thou think'st, presumptuous, to live forever:
And, all unmindful of thy destin'd skies,
Aim'st at an immortality below!
Thus by the living, for themselves (absurd!)

Thus mighty fabrics for th' unconscious dead, Are rear'd; but quickly from their courts august (Witness you gorgeous pile where Hadrian slept) The silent inmates, at whose nod the world Was wont to tremble, fearless are expell'd. Thus rocks on rocks in bulk enormous rise: And thus thy proud remains, O Pæsrum, here Majestic now salute the wondering view. But all in vain, fond man! 'Of dust thou art, And unto dust,' so reads thy doom severe, 'Shalt quick return!' Nor shall thy glorious works, Thy monuments sublime, based on the rock Of ages, long thy own frail wreck survive. For when thy arm, though impotent to save, Has spar'd—thee and the labours of thy hands, Earthquakes have deep ingulf'd, volcanoes whelm'd' Or Heaven's inexorable wrath c'erthrown.

'Tis said, and not improbable the tale,
That sturdy pilgrims from Phænicia's strand,
(Reputed fathers of the Dorian line)
Whose prows adventurous the midland main
Had oft subdu'd, and through th' Herculean streights

The first had plung'd in the Atlantic wave, In earliest time a city founded here. That race, in after age, the Sybarites (Ere deep dissolv'd in luxury, the bane Of mightiest conquerors) expell'd-when these The noblest of the monuments of man, Respleadent rose from his creative hand. But mark how easy shifts the sceptre's power: This soft voluptuous herd Lucania's sons, A barbarous tribe and stern, anon subdued, And cruel wrung, (as now the savage Turk,) From Grecian hearts, the frequent bloody tear. The captive train, for some the victors spar'd, Full many a year their hapless fate bemoan'd; Sighs, tears, and loud laments, as annual pass'd The sad procession, 'scap'd the mournful band, As now the thought of Greece their bosoms mov'd, And now their own dejected state they saw. But poor the triumph of their ruthless foes; Their lot the same, the conqueror's and his slave's-Both sunk alike beneath a sterner grasp. For flush'd with victory, as fate itself Invincible, the Roman Eagle seiz'd

The double prey, and proudly perch'd on high!
And here a thousand years he plumed his wings;
Till from his lofty eyry, tempest tost,
And impotent through age, headlong he plung'd,
While nations shudder'd as they saw him fall.

For from the gloomy north, o'ershadowing wide The earth, hungry as Death, the vulture brood On blacken'd pinions borne, descended swift, And gorg'd in vain their appetite for blood; Which, glutted once, insatiate crav'd for more. Then peal'd th' affrighted shores, from Albion's cliffs Far south to Calpe's towering heights, and thence E'en to the deep Euphrates' banks remote, With mingled shouts of horrour and despair. The while mid terrible combustion, clouds And darkness palpable, and whirlwind blasts, Dread Ruin, swell'd to giant port immense, O'er the whole earth stalk'd hideous: and now At length, devoted city, furious strode O'er thee! crushing with wrath unmitigable Thy towers and temples, and thy fairest works Of art. And now 'a night, a double night

Of darkness and of shade,' involv'd the world, And thee in deepest gloom forever wrapt.

Yet boots it not to learn the mighty arm By which these wondrous works were rear'd on high, Enough for me to know that here, amid The dreary waste, where once a city stood, Glitt'ring in marble pride, in arts and arms, And now where the unwieldy buffalo Awkward disports, or wily serpent darts Unwelcome o'er the lonely wanderer's path, (Quick startling him from reverie profound) Successive generations constant toil'd From age to age, and multiplied in vain. They and the monuments of all their toils (Such O mysterious Providence thy will) Or turn'd to dust, and scatter'd by the winds, Or here in undistinguish'd ruin lie. And thus like ocean's wave, the mighty tide Of population still impetuous rolls— Thus like the refluent wave, it back recoils, And desolation saddens all the scene.

Extinct, indeed, the race: yet why affirm
Presumptuous, they liv'd in vain? They all
Were men, and God the father of mankind
From first. Was happiness for later times
Alone reserv'd? and they in dawn of light
Denied the blessings of this riper age?
Ah! no: those times primeval, fabling bards,
And men more wise than bards, lamenting term
The only blissful days—the age of gold!
When redolent of joy, like buxom youth,
The world exulted in its new-born strength,
And knew nor lassitude, nor care, nor pain.
O visionary bliss! enchanting dream!

Thou who dost mournful linger on this spot,
Deep wrapt in holy musings of the past,
Call up the myriads now who here repose—
(Alas! what voice shall wake them from their sleep
Profound? what but the angel's clarion loud!)—
And question them the story of their lives.
Their lips are seal'd! yet, (O believe the muse)
Their lot was little different from thine own.
For could the dead articulate, what notes

Of joy unfeign'd—what cries exultant still The ambient air would fill! though mingled oft (For Sorrow from the first to Joy was wed) With sighs and tears, the eloquence of grief. Could they but speak, what tales they might reveal! What scenes of revelry, and what, indeed, Of wo, could they unveil! They witness'd all: How Industry, stern nurse of virtue, here At first laborious toil'd, and wide around Content and happiness and health diffus'd: How, secret, like the insidious worm that steals The rose within, and riots there unseen, Fell Luxury, in clouds of incense veil'd, Crept from her fragrant bowers, and, breathing soft. Touch'd with her lip envenom'd the pure fount Of life, and tainted all its lucid waves. Yet ever and anon, some godlike man With sage Experience by his side, behold Appear! to stem Corruption's torrent tide, And save the tott'ring fortunes of the state. How have the Passions too, of nobler, or Ignobler kind, here oft tumultuous rul'd! Exalting some to glorious deeds, to love

Of wisdom, virtue, and beneficence:
In some, 'the fond of peace,' (like him the bard Who mournful sang on Ouse's sedgy banks)
Instilling soft whate'er of loveliness
The soul delights, or soothes the heart of man:
But in the many, inspiring envy oft,
Irregular desires, or lust of gold,
Or base ingratitude, or deadliest hate.

Then what domestic happiness was here!

How bless'd the parent—how much more the child!

The child (O blissful state!) unconscious yet

Of ills to come—pure as the dews distill'd

From heav'n into the opening violet—

And ardent breathing, flush'd with roseate health,

Delight ineffable, and rapturous joy.

And, ah! how oft has sorrow pierc'd the hearts

Of mothers wailing for their offspring dead,

Whose graves the blossoms of the infant year

Adorn'd! and how have tears, at each return

Of eve or morn, constant bedew'd the turf

Where mouldering the endeared mothers lay!

And by the twinkling light of star, or moon's

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PRINTED BY JOHN D. AND THOMAS C. CUSHING, JR. DECEMBER, 1822.

Those columns vast, with their deep furrow'd lines And moss-grown architraves, present a page Of wondrous meaning, and which few may scan. O'er them a thousand and a thousand suns Have annual roll'd and mark'd their slow decay; While with the seasons' ceaseless change, empires Have risen successive and declin'd: still here, Despite the shocks of age, th' assaults of man, And mightier force of elements enraged, Sublime 'mid their own ruins yet they stand. Thus lonely, with an eye intent on Heaven, The venerable sire, whose head the storms Of wintry age have bared, not seldom sees His children, and his children's cherish'd sons Piteous sink down; while he, unconscious, sits Upon their graves, a monument of grief!

And how like mausoleums look these piles—
The mausoleums of the city dead!
How like in fate to Egypt's mightier works,
The fabrics here—the builders all forgot!
For they, whom taste refin'd, and science taught
To lift you ponderous blocks, and nicely poise

Each column, frieze, and pediment sublime, Thus gradually the whole compacting strong, Not one memorial of their lives have left! Nor they alone unknown: Compatriots too, And they that followed in the mortal chase, The victors and the vanquish'd, all forgot! While she, the Power whom ignorant they ador'd, Pale Superstition (once not seen morose, Nor gorg'd with blood of human victim) loath'd Of heaven and earth, inexorable still Her leaden sceptre o'er these realms extends. But here within these consecrated bounds Her blinded votaries are found no more; For she with hellish purpose has usurp'd The purer temples of the living God, And reckless, these her most majestic fanes, To desolation and neglect consigns. Yet thou, O sullen Power, age after age, Th' insensate crowd hast seen, obstrep'rous throng, Though desert now, these sanctuaries proud. While as the humour seiz'd, the welkin rung With pæans to the Ruler of the waves, The patron God—to Jove the Thunderer nam'dTo golden hair'd Apollo (still invok'd By every muse—by mine alone in vain) Or to the soft eyed deity, whom gods Not less than men intuitive ador'd.

But from these vestiges august, I turn Reluctant, to survey th' extended scene-A scene how desolate! O'er the vast plain (Once press'd by countless multitudes) on which The sun, in his meridian height, imperfect Shed through th' innumerous and shadowy streets That travers'd it, a soften'd day, the eye Wanders in vain. Save that low lengthen'd line Of moss-grown wall, the haughty rampart once In times remote, of this fair city-where Contending foes, besiegers and besieg'd, Oft rush'd tumultuous to the bloody fray— Nought meets the melancholy view! The rest Is but a waste; with here and there a mound, (O'er which the bramble mournful waves, in sign Of desolation) form'd by fabric vast In ruin sunk, basilica, or fane, Or theatre, all whelm'd beneath the soil!

These were thy boast, O man! but what shall you Majestic work destroy? Who from 'mid heav'n, To which thy misty tops ascend, Alburnus, Shall tumble thee to earth? what but the might Of Him who firmly placed thee where thou art, And said, 'be fix'd! till time shall be no more.'

Dream'd they, the founders of these structures vast, Who for eternity had haply built, That Nature here should one day reassume Her empire over Art?—that ocean's god, The tutelary god, should his own seat Forsake?'—that here upon this hallow'd spot, Where myriads throng'd, the pilgrim now alone Should fondly seek their history to unveil-Should sorrowing seek what still eludes his view! But be not unappeas'd, indignant shades! The mighty walls, indeed, which here inshrin'd Those glorious works, soon humbled to their base, Shall, like the palaces and fanes august, Forever disappear! Yet Nature here, In youth's perpetual bloom shall still survive— The hills still echo to the shepherd's song-

The groves, the green retreats of happier times, Still lift their sacred tops amid the heavens— And still these streams shall flow, though not as once Symphonious to the sound of Doric reed. Here too amid the waste, with blush of morn, Breathing Sabean sweets, still lonely blooms, And shall forever bloom, thy lovely rose, O Pastum! Here each votary too of art Shall glad resort, and gazing on thy proud Remains, confess (though all, indeed, unknown) Confess the hands which made them were divine. And when the setting sun, with lingering beams, No more these mouldering columns shall illume, But all their glories prostrate shall be laid-E'en then the pious wanderer on these shores Shall point exulting to the desert spot, And to the skies proclaim, that here, the source Of all that is in art sublime, was found.

My Country! thou whose destiny august Some few revolving years must clear unveil, Shall monuments like these, (except in their Decay) thy happier shores in time adorn? And wilt thou one day be of Arts the nurse,

As thou of statesmen and of heroes art? I know thou wilt. But when shall that day come? When shall the home-sick mariner from afar Descry upon thy promontories bold, And sea-beat coasts, the colonnade sublime, Glittering like Pharos in the moon's bright beams? When shall thy isles their temples boast, and when Thy groves majestic, to the favoured few Reveal the sculptur'd glories they o'ershade? When 'mid thy Parian quarries shall be seen The marble wonder starting into life? When too, to honour thy illustrious sons, Shall Genius bid the glowing canvass breathe? And when, O when, shall bards like those of old, To distant times their deathless names convey? Yet come it will! the day already dawns! I see its bright precursors—rosy clouds, And beams effulgent from th' horizon wide, Quite to the zenith shot. And look! e'en now It trembles on the sea's broad verge—now mounts— O glorious view! The conscious ocean smiles-Wave their high tops the pines—the vales rejoice— And grateful nations hail th' eternal day!

ENDA MOHATINK,

An Andian Tale.

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ENDA MOHATINK.

Round the tall summits of the distant hills, The towering heights of Abenagi, slow Wreath'd the light clouds fantastic; till the sun, Gath'ring unwouted strength, their airy forms Dispell'd, and shot into the vales beyond His paly beams. 'Twas on that dubious morn That Nitis, daughter of a race contemn'd, (Now like autumnal leaves, before the blast Wide scatter'd-or, like snow flake saturate With blood by ruthless archer shed, dissolv'd Away) in wayward mood prepar'd to leave Her shelter'd vale, and seek the distant isles By Susquehannah lav'd; where yet secure From Europe's sordid sons, their deadliest foes, Her friends, the children of the forest, dwelt. Brown Autumn now towards Winter stern advanc'd Apace; but tepid airs and sky serene,

The Indian's summer 'delighted to prolong, And seem'd to promise still more happy days. O semblance fair! illusive too, as fair! As thou, too late, unhappy Nitis, found'st.

Within her cabin's door (cabin of bark Torn from the rugged trunk of towering pine-Rude and inartificial, yet containing Hearts not less proud or warm than those whose blood In paler currents flows) she stood; the while Soft blowing from the west, the breeze amid Her sable locks play'd sportive, and inspir'd A balmy vigour in her anxious soul. Yet chilling doubts arose; she fain would go, But fear'd th' immeasurable wild to tempt: And shrunk in fancy from th' unpitying blast, Or foe more cruel, prowling wolf, or bear Rapacious, or (insidious springing from His lair) the panther fell. Around she look'd; But forests, endless as the mighty chain Which Abenagi stretches o'er the land, And deep imbrown'd, or (sadder still) despoil'd Of all their verdant glories, met the view.

But urg'd by friendship, more by love, perchance, Impell'd, (for love and friendship Heaven infus'd In Indian bosoms too, though harsh to some May sound the truth unwelcome) she resolv'd To quit the sunny vale, now mournful grown, And with her offspring lov'd, the boundless wilds To cross, beyond whose hills, the laughing isles, (In gay imagination often seen)

Were plac'd: and where she hop'd once more to find Him who had listen'd to her virgin sighs,

The partner of her youth—who, long since lost,

Yet in her faithful bosom cherish'd liv'd.

Fearful, and shrinking as by stealth away
From those with whom the resy hours of youth,
On wings of hope had fled, she went: while by
Her side, wild bounding like the fawn that crops
The flow'ry herb, of danger heedless, they
For whom unwonted anxious thoughts alarm'd
Her breast maternal, now ran sportive on.
Thus journey'd they for many a mile, through brake
And tangled thicket; rapid stream, or bog
Fallacious, cross'd, and rocky eminence

Oft scal'd—to toils like these from boyhood soft, To manhood's sterner age, accustom'd: till At length upon a distant mount, o'er which The tempest late had swept, and prostrate laid The monarch oak, and all of subject growth, Weary and sad the pilgrim train arriv'd.

No joy obstrep'rous now was heard; but mute They sat them down, while Nitis mournful view'd The little band (by busy thoughts unvex'd) And trembled for their fate. With wistful eye Her cabin's site the mother anxious sought, But sought in vain: for that, with all the vale, Appear'd but as a speck amidst the dark Umbrageous forests stretch'd beneath their feet; Through which, now hid, now glistening in the beams Of the departing sun, that lurid shone, Ohio's parent streams irriguous flow'd, And in th' horizon distant seem'd to meet, And pour their floods into the azure heaven. Prospect how vast! and solitude how drear! How, too, unlike the scene which now appears! Britain and Gaul not then in conflict dire

Had stain'd that sylvan vale with christian gore;
Nor Washington the gallant Braddock there
From ruthless fee heroic sav'd, though sav'd
In vain. And on that solitary spot
On which the sun impress'd his beams (all else
'A boundless contiguity of shade')
And where sad Nitis' lingering eyes were fix'd,
Now an aspiring city stands, and sees
Reflected in those streams its domes and walls,
And lists of Industry the ceaseless clang.

But banish'd soon from Nitis' fearful breast
All thoughts of home, and dread of evils more
Remote; for now, by hunger and fatigue
At once oppress'd, her children eager sue
For food; which she, with fond maternal haste,
(Ven'son or maize, or shelly fruits) displays.
Meanwhile, within the cavity of tree
Uptorn, whose roots, extending wide, and smooth
Beneath, a natural canopy afford,
She with the tender branch of hemlock, or
Of pine, a humble bed prepares, where soon
Her little family, herself with them,
In sleep profound forget their toils and cares.

Dark was the night, and on the morrow's dawn The gathering clouds portended soon a storm. They rose, and hastily their rude repast Partook; but, struck with dread, Nitis knew not Which way her steps should lead, her home far off, But farther still the spot she wish'd to gain. O had she now return'd, what horrours dire She had escap'd! But onward led by fate They pass'd, and at the close of day (a day Of gloom, foreboding ills to come) within The hollow of an oak decay'd, sorrowing They nestled all. The light once more return'd: But, ah! how fell their hopes, when, waking, they Descry'd each object, earth, hills, trees and rocks In snow all deep involv'd! Disastrous sight! Or to retreat, or to remain, alike Impossible were now. Adventurous then With faltering feet they urge their dubious way, Though thousand obstacles their speed retard, And, 'mid the driving storm, at length arrive, Toil worn, and 'neath accumulating ills Fast sinking, at the river's brink they sought. But there no isles were seen! By icy breath

Of chilling winter suddenly congeal'd,

The stream forgot to flow; and what was late

A limpid wave, seem'd now a winding vale,

With one broad sheet of snow invested deep,

Through which the tempest unrelenting swept.

The wretched travellers their dread abode Here fix'd; to each the mother meting out, At lengthened intervals, a scanty pittance: Content, so that her children still surviv'd, With less herself. But day succeeded day, And on the famish'd group no ray of hope Once dawn'd; for buried in the deep'ning snows, The parent sees, appall'd, her little store Exhausted soon: while with redoubled cries Her children beg for sustenance in vain. And now the thought (O horrour!) pierced her breast That one must die, the rest from death to save. But whose the hand to give the impious blow? And which the victim for a feast so fell? She dares no longer doubt: the mortal wound Nitis herself, with bleeding heart, must give! But Heaven, that witness'd all—the mother's tears,

Her doubts and pangs, dismay and black despair,
Alone can know the anguish of that hour.
Wild cries of horrour rent the ambient air,
While from the youngest bosom flow'd apace
The vital stream: but hunger, ruthless grown,
Quick urg'd th' abhorr'd repast. Alas! e'en this,
So loath'd a food, too soon was all consum'd;
And death, with aspect fell, again seem'd near.
Two still were left: could one of these but die—
The thought, though oft repell'd, as oft return'd!
Yet how in blood again her hands imbrue?

Haggard and wan, the shadow of herself,
Dread Famine's archetype, she frantic stands,
And now the Mighty Spirit loud invokes,
To end the mother's and the children's woes,
Or wrest them instant from their frightful doom—
Now, in the deeper accents of despair,
The forest with her shrieks she fills once more.
But all in vain! for Heaven no token yet
Of pity had vouchsaf'd to give, but wide
The world in elemental strife involv'd.
While through the forest drear, which bent beneath

Th' accumulated snow, that whelm'd the earth,
And all egress imperative forbade,
The blackening tempest roar'd, and hill and dale
The dismal sounds reverberated deep.
Sudden horrific, 'mid the uproar wild,
A note more fell than winter's angry voice
Her ear invades! for, by the blood allur'd
Of infant slain—slain by a mother's hand—
(For kindred mouths unnatural repast!)
The wolves, a ravenous herd, loud and more loud,
Howl'd hideous, and now furious pour'd in view.

O wretched woman! 'mid th' appalling scene, What could'st thou do? lo! piteous at thy feet Thy last born mangled lay; before thee stood Thy trembling progeny, emaciate, (once Sweet solace of thy happier hours) and crav'd Importunate the food thou could'st not give, Since all was now (dread cateress!) consum'd. While fierce around the clamorous herd op'd wide Their ravening jaws, threatening, at each remove, To seize the timorous prey. 'Twas then, and not Till then, resistlessly impell'd alike

By famine and despair, (forgive, O Heaven! The barbarous aim) that, like the furious dame Whom Jason scoru'd, she seiz'd the murderous steel T' infix it deep within her children's breasts! But instant stay'd the stroke, and back recoil'd-What madness to delay! Strike, Nitis, strike! O impotent of soul! she dreads the blow. Blest Heav'n! 'twas love, a mother's love, forbade; For both she might not kill—yet which to choose? The choice how hard! necessity how dire! On each she gaz'd, on each alternate gaz'd, Dubious where deepest fix'd the parent's love, And doubtful still to aim the murderous blow. They, not unmindful of her dread intent, (Taught by the past what fate they should expect) By famine pinch'd, and shrinking all aghast Before their savage foes, that closer prest, Be-ought her quick the mental strife to end. That with their lives their agony should cease.

And now the moment of their doom was come! She paus'd no more; but with averted head, Indifferent where to strike, and raising high With fell intent her trembling arm, had dealt
Th' unerring death—when, lo, a shout was heard!
And instant, like the Patriarch's palsied arm,
Hers nerveless dropt; while, with a piteous shriek,
Breathless she sunk upon the ground beneath.
But soon to light and life she wak'd once more:
For now the brothers of a kindred tribe,
Mysterious mov'd to scour the trackless wild,
Instinctive sought the melancholy spot,
And instant rescued from impending fate
The wretched mother and her hapless sons.

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THE

DESERTED WRECK.

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THE DESERTED WRECK.

Now day declin'd; the sun, deep crimson'd o'er, Was sinking fast below the verge of heaven: While gathering clouds from 'neath the ocean's brim As fast uprose, till, in the zenith met, The blacken'd sky seem'd one united mass, (To every ray of the departing sun Impervious grown) and settled night at once With raven wing involv'd the gloomy world. Meantime the thunder's mutterings, low but deep, Were heard afar; and flashes pale anon The dreary welkin tremulous illum'd, While from their hyperborean caves (where long They lay enchain'd) escap'd, the winds rude lash'd The angry waves, o'er which the vessel safe Buoyant still rode; and still her gallant course Perchance had kept, but by a fiercer gust The swelling sails were instant rent; and thus,

Ungovernable all, the helpless bark Before the gale resistlessly was driven.

Aghast the pilot stood! and wistful threw His eyes around, some omen fortunate In hope to see; but could not yet predict The termination of the dismal scene. Nor could he then foresee (how vain foreseen!) The wretched destiny of all on board. But long their dubious fate was not conceal'd; For quick the gale to frightful tempest swell'd, And far around, the heavens in uproar wild, Astonish'd and appall'd, they saw: while all Beneath seem'd but a liquid gulph of fire, Wide yawning now to whelm them in its flood-And now, to Alpine heights uprais'd, they seem'd Amid the clouds to hold their troubled course. Loud peal'd the deafening thunder o'er their heads, As if, hurl'd sudden from their orbits wide, Conflicting worlds in mighty strife were deep Involv'd; while rush'd impetuous adown The lurid sky incessant streams of fire, That flash'd around 'intolerable day.'

Then quak'd the stoutest heart: but what alarms The breasts invaded of the hapless few Of tenderer sex, and age not blossom'd yet, Was never known; for on the instant whelm'd Beneath the bounding surge, the shatter'd bark, Low sunk by the incumbent weight, scarce rose Again; and all within (alas! not all) Were deep immers'd beneath the briny wave. But ah! what fate was theirs, who yet upon The wreck tenacious clung. Oh! better far Forever in the boisterous tide they all Had sunk forgot! for still unceasing vex'd, The sea high roll'd his billows o'er their heads, And each to death quick threatened to consign: Which, though delay'd, seem'd certain in the end. Now wild and loud arose the mingled cries Of dying, and of those whom fate yet spar'd: And deep below (their lot how sad!) were breath'd The piteous groans of some that were denied To share the horrors of their friends without-Reserv'd, severe, for miseries yet untold. But 'mid the crash of heaven and earth, their cries And groams were given to the winds, or in

The uproar loud were heard alone by Him, Who on the furious whirlwind rode sublime, And with a breath the mighty tumult rais'd.

So pass'd the night—a night of black despair, And we ineffable, to such as yet Surviv'd the storm: which, when the dawn at length Reluctantly appear'd, abated slow. Then anxious glanc'd they the horizon round, In search of ought that might allay their fears: But bounded soon their hearts! for who shall speak Their joy, when in the distance they perceiv'd A vessel, borne upon the lofty wave, That towards them proudly seem'd to hold her way. And soon, at signal given, the friendly crew Approach, and with their cheerings loud salute The wretched band, that straight (surprising change!) The horrours of the past at once forgot, In answering strains of joy were quick return'd. Then, safe embark'd upon a firmer plank, One saddening look upon the wreck they cast, And left her floating on the watery waste. And more, unconscious left! for though upturn'd,

A miserable few it still contain'd, Yet close imprison'd there, whose stifled cries Were impotent so thick a gloom to pierce.

How wildly throbb'd their hearts, when, from above, The shouts of joy (the shouts of rescued friends) Low marmured to their dark retreat! how sunk Their hopes, as high their transports rose, When those glad murmurs died upon the ear-Themselves too sure abandon'd to their fate! Each moment now was lengthen'd to a day: The days, though ignorant of their tardy lapse, (As all the world) to centuries seem'd stretch'd! To what new dangers they were now expos'd, And where disastrous steer'd the fatal bark, Without or sun to cheer, or star to guide, They knew no more. Save that some narrow space In which to breathe, was left, and that, wild dashing To and fro, they felt within the storms Which yet relentless lash'd the hapless wreck, They, all unconscious of th' appalling fact, Might, with the monsters of the raging deep, Low sunk ten thousand fathoms now have been.

But, by the tempest rock'd, they knew the wreck Still devious floated on the treacherous wave; All else, the horrour of their fate except, (Too much, indeed, to know) from them was hid.

O God of man! for what hast thou reserv'd This wretched being? and with what diverse hand Dost mete the portion of thy creatures here! Yet them forsak'st not in their worst estate; Though, to the future blind, neglecting thee, They impious rail ungrateful at thy will. Dark are the workings of thy providence; Nor given to man to scan: and should despair, Amid his complicated ills below, Sometimes his falt'ring spirit seize, and he Should deem himself forgot, canet thou forgive? Ah! what was here these wretches to console? Inhum'd alive-from all escape cut off-Shut from the blessed light, the dearest boon On man by Heaven conferr'd-tempests without, And misery within-what could they hope, But that amidst the fathomless abyss, Some mighty surge might instant sink the wreck. And quick with all its dismal freight destroy.

Oh! who shall tell what madness seiz'd their souls? Or, 'mid the intervals of fix'd despair, (If any such there were) what thoughts intense— What dreams, perchance, their busy minds employ'd? Now like the hapless prince, Orestes nam'd, They maddening see a thousand hideous shapes, Shapes evanescent! Not like these fell death; Who in gaunt Famine's guise seem'd now array'd, And clad in tenfold horrours, them beside Constant remains, as loth to loose his gripe! And now, like spirits of the blest, that sit In heaven, a transitory glance they catch Of those they left behind, and fondly clasp Within their outstretch'd arms, their friends belov'd-But from the void embrace startling recoil, And, waking swift, sink deeper in despair. So pass'd their hours, without one glimpse of joy; Comfort was none; and hope, that clings to all, Them pitiless left, or, 'mid the shade profound, With lengthened intervals between, appear'd, To lead them on, illusive, to their doom.

But if, amid the elemental strife, And all the horrours of their fate forlorn, A trembling dawn of hope could still be theirs,—
What could it promise to th' unhappy men?
Might they not rise upon some mountain wave,
And far upon the mainland swift be dash'd?
And, should they fortunate the shock survive,
Return to life and happiness again?
Or in the intervals of calm, might not
Some friendly current urge the shattered bark
Upon a peaceful strand, and they unhurt
Escape? But O! a thought more cheering still—
(Could cheering thoughts their worse than dungson gloom

Pervade) a lingering hope might still remain,
That, Heaven-directed, o'er the pathless waste,
The miserable wreck some chosen band
Might yet, though late, descry, nor e'er forsake,
Till they again might bless the light of day.
And Heaven, indeed, such cheering hope inspir'd—
And, Heaven-directed too, a chosen band
Stemm'd dauntless the impetuous tide—
The sinking bark descry'd, and grappled quick:
For sound of human voice surpris'd they heard;
Yet scarce believ'd a human voice was there-

But doubt they did not long; for as they plied
Th' impatient axe, the intervals between,
The accents wild of desperate men within
Struck their astonish'd ears! now instant broke
The horrid spell: when, lo! pale, trembling, lost,
Slow issue forth the captives sad, who thought—
A moment wildering thought—that Heaven itself
Had sudden open'd on their view; and these,
Their fellow men, its glorious inmates seem'd.
But when the mist dispers'd, high swell'd their hearts,
Their tongues, to utterance lost, unmov'd remain'd—
And they in grateful tears were all dissolv'd.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

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ELEGY

On the Beath of a beloved young Pantor.

HARK! on the hollow gale the distant knell,
The sad funereal knell, is slowly borne:
Ha! it resounds, O Death! thy triumph fell
O'er worth departed never to return.

Lamented A****! nor less lov'd than mourn'd;
Friend of the world, the world too was thy friend:
How blest its lot hadst thou but here sojourn'd
That world to cheer, enlighten, and amend!

But vain the healing art, and vain the tears

Of friends who sought for thee a kinder sky:

That languid look awaken'd all their fears—

Thy home regain'd, 'twas in their arms to die-

And hast thou sunk untimely in the tomb—.

Too soon absolv'd from all terrestrial ties?

And shall we now lament thy early doom?

Lament thee, now translated to the skies!

Ah, no! thine eye, with heavenly lustre bright,

Deep through the mists of time had eager pierc'd;

Nor found repose but 'mid you fields of light,

Where joys immortal well to quench thy thirst.

Then wish him back no more: but rather now Retrace him through his bright though short career; Show how he liv'd, and (harder task!) show how The saint expir'd—in life, in death, still dear.

Lo! in the glorious morn of life he rose,
Soft, mild, serene, and lovely to the view:
One cloud alone* was seen to interpose—
But soon that cloud receiv'd a golden hue.

Alas! 'twas one bright morn—no risen day:
Yet, while to mortal eyes he transient shone,
How warm, pellucid and benign the ray!
A ray how warm, let those who felt it own.

Say, ye belov'd, ye whom his bosom warm'd,

Whom next to heaven he kindly cherish'd there,
Say, for ye can, how, by his reason charm'd,

Your griefs were sooth'd, and banish'd every care.

^{*} Allusion to his mother's death.

How gently did he strive, th' unwilling soul

To wean from earth, and fix its hopes on high!

How did he point exulting to that goal,

And ardent urge us upward to the sky!

And when he dwelt upon the glorious theme,

The Lord of life, his sufferings, love confest—

(A theme to man of import deep, supreme)

How thrill'd that voice! how glow'd that sacred

[breast!

But who before the throne of God e'er view'd

The youthful shepherd all his soul pour out—

Nor felt by turns now humbled and subdued,

Now cheer'd, and breathing warm the strain devout?

Friend, teacher, guide, for thee our tears must flow; Yet, taught by thee in all to be resigned, To him who gives, who takes, we humbly bow, Nor deem the hand that chastens us unkind.

Then cease my mournful strain; though much unsung Remains—unsung the death-bed of the saint; Subject how sad, august! a seraph's tongue That subject suits—all else indeed were faint.

Oh what a scene was there! in that dread hour,
When all that's mortal into nought decays—
When earth recedes, and skies begin to lower,
And death the fleeting, trembling soul dismays—

In that dread hour, how fearless, calm, serene, His firmer soul, by hope, by faith, sustain'd! What heavenly resignation then was seen— What love intense, what piety unfeign'd!

But, lo! the wind is hush'd—O list, attend!

Methinks I hear a low half-breathing prayer—

Father, to thee my spirit I commend!"

The aspiration dies upon the air.

Yet look! his spirit soars—it mounts amain!

Earth disappears—heaven's portals open spread—
Angels descend that spirit to sustain—
O the blest vision! 'tis forever fled.

"His dying woods.

STANZAS

On the Alienation of Southill Abbey,

The Magnificent Seat of Mr. BECKFORD, near Bath, England.

Sic transit gloria mundi.

O Beckford! no more shall these hills and these vales

Stretch around their lov'd lord, to delight him again:

Nor these groves wave their tops to the soft sighing gules,

But to murmur adieus, or thy absence to plain.

And no more shall these turrets ascend to the sky,

To catch the first rays of the sun at his rise;

Nor be wrapt in soft light when the moon rides on high,

Thy fancy to charm, or enrapture thine eyes.

And those fair princely halls thou wast wont to adorn,

Where Art and where Wealth every means had essay'd

Thy regard to attract—now, alas! are forlorn,

And will echo no more to thy voice or thy tread.

Ah Beckford! when youth and when vigour were thine,

And when fortune her treasures display'd to thy sight—

When the world to thy fancy seem'd all to combine

To fulfil every wish and to yield thee delight—

Didst thou dream that ere long the gay vision should cease,

And that riches might not e'en with thee long abide?

That that world should desert thee? that, robb'd of thy peace,

Thou should'st soon be expell'd from the halls of thy pride?

How it pains me, the thought! ah, could wishes restore

Thy mansion august, and thy splendid do-

Thou should'st not, as now, their desertion deplore,

But should'st hie thee to this lov'd seclusion again.

Alas! when I think of the changes which here

Oft to each unexpected bring joy or bring

I may sigh for his fate, and to him yield a tear,

Who, in grandeur's lap nurs'd, is by fortune laid low.

O Beckford! methinks I can see thee e'en now,

In the dawn of thy youth, and when all was thus fair,

Exploring the regions where fancy and thou

Had fondly erected your structures in air!

And not there alone: those bright visions once past,

See! as if by enchantment, thy palace arise!

In dimensions as grand as thy mind itself vast,

And boldly aspiring, like that, to the skies.

And, lo! at thy call, see the land and the

To thee unreluctant their treasures confide;

While the arts eager throng thy attention to gain.

And thy groves wave around thee in beauty and pride.

Thou mansion superb! and ye scenes of delight!

How long will ye ravish the heart and the eye?—

Hah! the spell is dissolv'd—and to thee all is night,

And a dream, which must end in a heartrending sigh.

BELVIDERE APOLLO.

O Propicy divine! The God of Day
In the rude block confin'd for ages lay;
When, radiant all, upon the raptur'd sight,
At Art's command, Apollo sprang to light!
Lo! at his glance, the Python vanquish'd lies,
And, wing'd with fate, th' unerring arrow flies;
The bow still quivers in his heavenly hands;
Disdain sits on his lip, his nose expands!
With eye, whose piercing rays o'er all extend,
And past and present with the future blend—
Scornful his mighty victim he surveys,
And, in that look, his conscious power displays.

Immortal all, in all a god is seen!

Ethereal lightness—majesty of mien—

A form symmetric—an harmonious whole—

To charm the eye, and captivate the soul-

At the first glance we feel th' ascendant power; We pause, we muse, our thoughts begin to tower: The breast unconsciously distends with pride—Fill'd with the god, and lost to all beside.

Ethereal Archer! still thy form divine Allures innumerous votaries to thy shrine: Yet not with equal eye all gaze on thee, Impress'd with sense of present deity. How oft, like him, who, with consummate skill, Moulded the forms of beauty at his will-Has the soft maid the image bright admir'd, Until impassion'd thoughts her bosom fir'd: Till, as she gaz'd, the breathing stone grew warm, And she in transport clasp'd the lovely form! And, as amid the courtly throng he stood, And ardently thy mien majestic view'd, Mark'd thy keen eye-and saw the fateful dart Drink the warm life-blood in the monster's heart, Th' untutor'd painter saw in thee, and smil'd, The youthful warrior of his native wild."

LOVE AND FOLLY.

Part of a Series of Translations from La Fontaine.

ForLy and Love, 'tis said, one day Had pass'd the hours in jocund play; When sudden a dispute arose, And soon from words they came to blows. Love (not then blind) the subject thought Should quick before the gods be brought; But Folly no delay could brook, And so the god impatient struck. O fatal blow! O sad surprise! For Love, alas! had lost his eyes. Venus soon hears the direful news, And to the gods for vengeance sues; Her tears, her loud laments, proclaim The goddess, mother, both the same. To each in turn she eager wends, And seeks, though hopeless, seeks amends. And now she mourns her son's sad fate-And raving now she calls on Hate.

At length the gods in conclave met,
Resolv'd the matter right to set:
And pondering well, in serious mood,
The private and the general good—
Decreed, that Folly be allied
Thenceforth to Love, and serve as guide.

BEAUTY.

From the Greek.

Les cœurs sont maîtrisés par un charme secret.

O Beauty! by the gods ador'd,

Not less than by earth's haughty lord:
The bane of some, delight of all!

How long wilt thou my soul inthrall?

Wretch that I am! I fondly deem'd

Thy charm dissolv'd, for so it seem'd:
But only seem'd! 'Tis still possest,

To raise fresh tumults in my breast;

To fire, subdue, to soothe, to melt,—

For so by turns thy power is felt.

Oh cruel! thus to wake again,

So late to wake, these raptures vain.

How vain, alas! that nymph could tell, Who bound me by her magic spell: Who bound? O Heavens! who still enchains My every thought, my heart retains. What though she be another's now; Though ta'en th' irrevocable vow-Still, still, those eyes with softness beam; Those smiles to me an angel's seem: While with delight my bosom glows, As from her lips persuasion flows. Blest fair! though youth's ecstatic hour Has wing'd its way—though cropt that flower, Whose fragrance in delirium sweet My every sense has wrapt complete-O lovely yet thou art, and young; Art yet a theme for poet's tongue: Who, if he dared, aloud thy name Of liquid sweetness would proclaim; And tell, delighted tell, the while, That still on him thou deign'st to smile. O thus forever gracious prove; Thus smile, thus look 'superior love?' He has no wish to virtue foe-No wish that she would blush to know.

"I WISH I WERE IN HEAVEN."

By sickness, care and grief oppress'd,
Almost to madness driven,
In accent wild my Mother cry'd,
'I wish I were in heaven!'

And there, my mother, thou shalt go;
But now we must not part:
Recall thy wish—forgive my tears—
Oh see my bursting heart!

Alas! the numerous ills that here
Humanity await,
Must prompt that wish in every brand.—
Must prompt it som or late.

Pain, and disease, and parenty,
With all their glowney tenns,
Pursue as still where's me fly,
Escape as wholly vans

Or it we their pursuit dute, Fel des prominents mon: Unseen he darts th' envenom'd sting, And draws th' unwilling tear.

Yet ah! though thou indeed hast ta'en
Of misery's cup thy share;
And found how false, how transient too,
Terrestrial joys all are—

My Mother; still we must not part— Let hope thy soul sustain! And every lenient art I'll use, To mitigate thy pain.

And all beyond the reach of art
Religion shall assuage;
Balm in the wounded spirit pour,
And soothe of grief the rage.

For, oh! whene'er that time shall come,
(My prayers avert it long)
And this thy wish shall be fulfill'd,
And thou to Heaven belong—

Thy sorrowing son, should he be here
To feel the blow that's given,
Must then like thee in anguish say,
'I wish I were in Heaven!"

"I THOUGHT IT SLEPT."

I saw the infant cherub—soft it lay As it was wont within the cradle, now Profusely deck'd with fragrant flowers and herbs. Marvelling at such strange fantasy, I gaz'd Upon the babe the more. I thought it slept! But yet its little bosom did not move. Its eyes were closed, and motionless its lips-The crimson blush had fled its tender cheeks— The arms on either side were gently laid-And all its infant soul seem'd lull'd to peace. O wake, sweet babe, (I cried) those lovely eyes Quick ope, and bless me with their light again, But still it would not wake. All pale beside, My weeping mother sat, "and gaz'd and look'd Unutterable things." I question'd her, And eager ask'd why thus it slept so sound. But tears the faster flow'd at this request. Her eyes on me, at length, with piteous look, She cast—now on the babe were fix'd once more— And now on me: then, with convulsive sigh,

And throbbing heart, she clasp'd me to her breast,
The while in scarce articulate words she said—
'My dearest boy! thy brother does not sleep:
'Alas! he's dead: he never will awake!'
He's dead! I knew not what it meant; though more
To know, I reck'd not. For the words so sad,
'He never will awake,' sunk in my heart:
Its little cords were broke—forever broke!
And gushing tears the fatal wound disclos'd-

TO A LADY,

Who had requested a copy of the stanzas addressed to *******.

Take, dearest Lady, take the wreath I wove, Presumptuous, for other brows than thine; For brows deserving an immortal wreath! Not fading and deciduous like this.

O could I climb Parnassus' verdant heights, Or trace th' enamell'd margins of its streams—
Then might I weave a garland worthy Him—Resplendent as thy piety, and fair As are the virtues which, in modest shade.

Adorn thy life, and elevate the soul.

THE

MOURNER OF THE FOREST.

What shadowy form is that I see

Slow moving in the twilight gloom,
The semblance sad of misery?—

Seeks she on that lone spot the tomb

Where noiseless sleeps the brave?

Or does she there, with potent spell,
The youthful warrior's shade invoke,
Who in the arms of victory fell—

Fell proudly 'mid the battle's shock!

Laid low in honour's grave?

Perchance with fond maternal eye
She thinks his footsteps to retrace,
Where late, with bosom-heaving sigh,
She took a sad, a last embrace,
When hope forever fled.
Yes—he is gone! and her gaunt form,
Low bending 'neath the weight of years,

Is blasted by the ruthless storm—
And memory now that spot endears,

Where joy its sunshine shed.

But hark! a mother's piteous tale

Anon shall sink upon thine ear:—

In mournful prelude sighs the gale—

And nature's self is mute to hear.

List, list! 'tis now begun.

"My son! my son! where stray thy feet?

Why leave thy sorrowing mother here?

Come, ere this heart shall cease to beat—

Come, chase away this scalding tear—

O come, my son! my son!"

Hush'd is the breeze—and hush'd the strain—Yet grief has left its rankling sting:
Hah! yet again—that strain again!
O hear its last low murmuring—
List, list! ere yet 'tis done.

"My son! my son! where stray thy feet?

Why leave thy sorrowing mother here?

Come, ere this heart shall cease to beat—

But come not on thy laurell'd bier—

O come, my son! my son!"

SONG

Of a Lenape Warrior on going to Battle.

Wretch forlorn! I go, I go,
Soon to meet the angry foe;
He or I must vanquish'd be!
Children! dear to me as life—
Fond, belov'd, deserted wife!
Shall I part from them, from thee?

Part I must—but who may know
If I may ward the hatchet's blow?
If we e'er shall meet again?
Children—wife—I haste away:
Duty calls! I must not stay—
Who shall hear th' appeal in vain?

Great Spirit! from yon clouds above,
See the objects of my love:
Shield them, shield them all from harm!
And in pity look on me,
Who must meet the enemy—
Steel my heart! and nerve my arm!

Grant success; and strength bestow:
Give me to lay each foeman low—
And wrest from him th' ensanguin'd spoils!
Then my friends I'll meet again—
Children—wife—no more shall plain—
And joy shall crown the warrior's toils!

Wretch forlorn! I go, I go,
Soon to meet the angry foe,
Who perchance shall vanquish'd be!
Children! dear to me as life—
Fond, belov'd, deserted wife!
Thus I part from them, from thee!

TO FLORIO:

ON THE RETURN OF SPRING.

Lo! Spring descends, with roses crown'd;
Joyous she skims th' enamell'd ground,
And scatters thousand odours round,
My Florio.

Now, waken'd by a warmer ray,

Forth come the insect tribes of May—
Is aught so volatile, so gay,

My Florio?

And look! the sportive lamb here see; Gladsome he skips the verdant lea: How fair, how innocent is he,

My Florio!

Then, issuing from the woods among,

Mark the young fawn that bounds along!

Freedom's wild joys to him belong,

My Florio.

And, as he mounts on golden wing, O listen to the bird of spring! In ecstacies he seems to sing,

My Florio.

Thus young, and volatile, and fair—
Thus artless, wild, and void of care—
Thus guiltless thou—but ah, beware!
My Florio.

O may that Power who reigns above, Still guard thee with a parent's love, And all thy actions still approve,

My Florio.

TO * * * * *

LET me not, Lady, sue in vain, But quickly wake thy lyre again. For thee alone, full well I know, For thee alone its numbers flow. Then touch the strings, and let me prove The power of harmony to move The dullest ear-and, stranger still, Th' obdurest breast—O wondrous skill! And if thou fail'st, with all thy art, To soothe, to penetrate my heart-And hast no power my soul to melt,— None to raise transports yet unfelt— O still play on, and let the strain Rise softly on the air again: For wandering scraphs will descend, And with thy notes their accents blend.

Ben Y Marit.

On hearing that a young man had been stung in the throat by a bee concealed in a piece of honeycomb which he had swallowed; in consequence of which he died.

An! if Cupid (who when young
Was by an angry bee once stung)
Thus most cruelly had fared,
What pangs had mortals then been spared!

AMERICAN PAINTERS.

Thou sleep'st in marble now, O West!' still first Upon the roll of fame thy name appears;
Thy name, decreed to reach to latest years,
Despite the taint of envious breath accurst.

And Copley, too, thy spirit proud has burst!—
But turn we to the living: bright compeers
Our Stuart, Allston! ripe of age, time sears
Not that—this burns with an immortal thirst.

Who next shall follow in the march of time?

See Trumbull, anxious for a deathless name!

See Vanderlyn, see ardent Sully, climb!

And Leslie, Newton, tread the paths of fame!

Urge then the generous race, ye chosen few; And let Apelles, Raphael, live in you.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

ALLSTON! thy name, dear to th' enlightened few Who dare, e'en here, in this thy native clime, Where genius pines amid the public view, Predict the triumph of thy art sublime—

Allston! e'en here thy name shall loud resound In happier times, and not as now, alone In wondering foreign lands be echoed round: Ah happier times, I would ye were our own!

Still, nobly emulous of those sons of art,
Who once th' admiring eyes of Greece and Rome
Around them drew, exalting every heart—
Still dare aspire, and mount to Fame's bright home.

Thus the young eagle from some rock's vast height Proudly looks down, then soars to endless light.

PAINTING.

O LOVELY Power, whose magic touch can raise
To renovated life the glorious dead,
Or catch the graces ere forever fled
Of living beauty—who shall sing thy praise!

For when thou bidd'st," the dungeon's gloom is blaze
In sudden wrapt, and thence the Prisoner led;
Or low in murky cave, the bones his bed,
The Man revives, reserv'd for happier days.

Look, where the Prophet sits, and Zion weeps!

See Him whom ravens fed—celestial scene!

And lo! among the hosts of heaven, where sleeps

The chosen Youth, and drawns that he has seen.

There, Urief shines; and kere, yet dimly shown, Belshazzar trembles on his ivory threne.

HAPPINESS.

O HAPPINESS! where art thou to be found?

Sitt'st thou secure upon you gorgeous throne
With sceptred slaves, and but with them alone?

Or shall we seek thee on the treacherous ground

Where courtiers throng, allured by a sound!

Perchance thou dwell'st by hermit's mossy stone!

Or 'mid those towers, with ivy overgrown,

Art deep immured—cut off from all around!

Or hast thou sought the sage, to catch his lore,
And list the murmurings of immortal strains—
Milton's or blind Meonines' of yore!
Ah! here, if earth the fugitive detains,

Here still she may be found: but O, if not, Then with the tenant of that humble cot.

FORTUNE.

Look! where she rides triumphant o'er the earth!

And by her side the favourite of the hour,

Uprais'd to wealth, and luxury, and power,

And all around the ministers of mirth.

Fond man! that now, disdainful of thy birth,
Would'st fain forget thy sometime humble bower,
Think'st thou for thee the skies may never lower,
Nor sorrow e'er be thine, nor care, nor dearth?

Ah, blind to fate! already art thou hurl'd From pinnacle of greatness and renown; And roam'st a wretched outcast on the world, Withering unpitied 'neath its harden'd frown!

O FORTUNE! such the boon we would obtain: Yet, cheated oft, would be deceiv'd again.

THE

LEAP OF NIAGARA.

Roan loud, ye winds! ye awful thunders, peal!

And instant rouse them from their fatal sleep,

Ere (cruel chance) they sink amid the deep,

Whose secrets Death permits not to reveal.

They wake! O heavens! what now avails their seal?
Precipitous their maddening course they keep,
And reeling now they make the shuddering leap,
Down dash'd 'mid watery worlds, with all their weal!

And thus are they forgot! not such the fate
Of that immortal maid—enchantress sweet—
Who from Lucadia's rock (provok'd by Hate)
Plung'd scarless in the waves that round it beat

Her name the sighing winds still breathe around, And Sappho, all the mournful caves resound.

THE

SOLITARY OF THE WRECK.

Lo! where in midnight gloom, imprison'd fast
Within the luckless bark (which half submerg'd
Still wildly drives along the shoreless waste,
Her sides by ceaseless tempests'-lashing scourg'd)

Lo! where the Solitary joyless sits—
The while pale Famine preys upon her form:
She smiles not—weeps not—starts not but by fits!
Rom'd sudden by the roaring of the storm.

Alas! what dreams her troubled sleep disturb— Her sleep! her life is but a dismal trance: Where Horrour stalks, her fancy to perturb, Ere tardy Death shall dart his quiv'ring lance.

But hark! e'en now the sea-bird screams her knell! Immortal Heaven! she lives the tale to tell!

TO THE

NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

BRIGHT, transient Flower, that studious shum'st the eye
Of Phœbus, waiting only to display
Thy glories to the moon's cold, watery ray,
And yield thy fragrance to the desert sky---

Mysterious Flower! alas! shall we descry

No trace of what thou wast, the coming day—

Odorous no more, and fallen to decay?

Ah! who has not seen, and heav'd a rending sigh—

Who has not seen, nurtur'd like thee in shade,
Fragrant as morn, and bursting on the sight,
With radiant beauty crown'd, the blushing Mam;
Then, withering in the blast, quick sink in night?

Both bloom'd and perish'd: while to that 'tie given Ne'er to revive—lo! this ascends to Heaven.

A DAY IN AUTUMN.

How frequent fall the sere and yellow leaves!
Sapless and torn, the sport of every breeze,
They eddying sink around the naked trees:
Or if a solitary leaf still cleaves

Tenacious to its stem, the sight it grieves;
E'en this reluctant, loosen'd by degrees,
Anon subsides, and marks the year's decease—
Emphatic marks, while every bosom heaves.

Thus sink the hopes of man! Thus, quick or slow,
Loos'd from his parent earth, himself decays!
Ah! happy they who early feel the blow,
Ere passions rend, or sin the soul betrays.

Mysterious fate! yet this of all the lot— To die unpitied, and to be forgot.

A YOUNG RELATION.

Coordinate: I my ambitions muse would fain entwine
With wreath of amaranth thy youthful brow;
But seldom blooms that heavenly flower below—
Blooms not for me, unhonour'd of the Nine.

'Tis well—my love alone shall prompt the line:

While panting for the laurente wreath, e'en thou,

Perchance, thyself may'st weave a chaplet now,

Anon to bind it on that brow of thine.

This day thy fourth olympiad expires;

The fifth will bear thee to the destin'd goal:

Thrice envied goal! to those whom wisdom fires—

Who spurp all else but virtue's just controul!

Coccese, art thou of that band? then thou shalt wear

A wreath which hands of angels will prepare!

November 10, 1821.

^{*} The period at which he will take his degree.

TO

ANOTHER.

E* ****! auspicious be to thee this day!*

Fourteen revolving suns have annual trac'd

Their fervid path amid th' ethereal waste,

Since thy young eyes drank in the heavenly ray.

The seasons, too, in fix'd alternate sway,

Have danc'd their rounds—but still untir'd, and grac'd

With ever varying beauties, onward haste,
In circling maze, impatient of delay.

But of their lapse be not unmindful thou;
As suns roll on, and seasons still revolve,

E* ****, with them thy years must onward flow!

And let them flow, if thou but firm resolve

At excellence to aim, and vice abhor:

Then high as heaven e'en thou shalt learn to soar!

October 2, 1821.

• His birth day.

TO THE INFANT

DAUGHTER OF ELIZABETH.

FAIR offspring of celestial mother fair,
Who whilom dwelt on earth, but, ah! too soon
To heaven has wing'd her way, and now in noon
Of dazzling brightness sits with angels there—

Wilt thou one day thy mother's beauty share?

And shall the graces of her mind (a boon

More rare) be thine? and goodness too attune

Thy heart? and thou yet know a parent's care?

Snatch'd from the earth ere yet her little flower
Had op'd its vermil leaves, 'mid alien skies
The plant was found: but now to genial bower
Remov'd, with other cherish'd flowers it vies-

Blow soft, ye tepid airs—ye dews, descend—And thou, O Heaven! the lovely care defend.

CANOVA; ETC.

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CANOVA

And the Barthenon.

['Private letters from Greece state that the celebrated Canova has sent two hundred workmen to restore the Parthenon at Athens.'—Old Newspaper.]

Immortal Sculptor! shall new laurels still
Resplendent gleam around those brows, where thick
The clustering leaves with thy ambrosial locks
Already are entwin'd! One wreath unclaim'd
(A wreath than diadems more bright) remain'd,
And this, admiring nations now to thee
Yield unreluctant, though denied to kings.
O blush, ye monarchs, 'mid your gilded state
And courts luxurious, where gross parasites
The gains of millions in an hour consume—
Blush that a subject should the first conceive
The thought sublime—nor that, indeed, alone,—
But boldly enter on the great emprise.17

What Phidias was, Canova, thou art now. And more shalt be! Not Pericles himself A nobler triumph e'er could boast than that, The world's consenting voice ere long to thee Shall glad adjudge. And Athens too will hail Thee her protector; while thy name, ador'd, With theirs, th' immortal founder's, architect's, Conjoint,—remotest times will loud resound, And Pallas thee a favourite son will own.

Sculptor divine! with spark ethereal, like him
Who fabling stole from heaven the sacred fire,
Thou kindlest into life the mass inert;
And, at thy nod, th' unconscious marble smiles
With love celestial, or indignant frowns
With all the terrours of a hero's ire.
Marvelling, the gods themselves thy works survey,
And fear lest eyes profane their forms should view:
While mortals, envious of the powers above,
To thee resort, and confidently claim
That immortality thou know'st to give.

JEREMIAH:

As once the follower of the Prince of Peace,"
When by the hand of angel led, escap'd
A prison's gloom, impervious else—so I,
Methought, conducted by some power divine,
Amid the mazes of the royal house
Of Judah's king, at length within a court,
Deep sunk, and hidden from the garish day,
Arriv'd. Vain pomp, and revelry, and mirth,
Which minister to royalty, were here
Unseen, unheard: but deepest solitude,
And dungeon-damps instead, and silence drear.
Fearful I paused—as well my heavenly guide
Indulgent paus'd. When lo! as from on high,
A voice methought, in deep prophetic strain,
Thus threaten'd ruin to a guilty land:

- ' Wo, wo, Jerusalem, Jerusalem!
- ' Behold the mighty One at hand-His voice
- 'The ocean's roar—He looks, and lo! the hills
- 'Before him bow-In whirlwinds and in clouds
- 'To slay and to consume—behold! he comes.'

Trembling I stood expectant; but that voice, So dread, was hush'd: when instant from above Methought a stream of light, forth rushing swift, Descended full upon a godlike form, And gave him radiant to my wondering view. Awe-struck, I silent gaz'd—when thus the Power Who led me on: 'Behold the hallowed seer,

- 'The bard of tears, the holy man of God!
- 'Hated, contemn'd of men, but not dismay'd,
- 'And not forsaken here by him who deign'd
- 'Put gracious forth his hand, and touch'd his lips;
- 'For God himself is near, and peace instils:
- 'While in his wrath he bids the seer proclaim,
- 'As thou but now hast heard, his verigeance dire,
- 'And Zion trembles in her inmost gates.'

Or that my thoughts high tower'd, or that in truth I saw him as he was, I could not tell;
But to my wildering sense he now appear'd
Of more than mortal mien. The words of wrath
Had 'scap'd his lips, but still his swelling breast,
And aspect fix'd, and eyes that, seeing, saw not,
Deep spoke the mandate of an angry God.
Curses not utter'd yet, methought I heard;

While all the air seem'd flame, and through my soul, That glow'd intense, a light ineffable Was shed. Then humbled in the dust, I thought Of Zion desolate! and, whelm'd in tears, My eyes upon the ground dejected sunk; When, lo! a heavenly youth (for such he seem'd) Till then unseen, low seated at the feet Of him, the chosen of God, surpris'd I saw. Pensive he look'd, viewing with eye intent The man divine, and listening fearful, so Methought, until that warning voice once more Should sink in deepening sadness on his soul, As in my own it had not ceas'd to thrill. For in his hand a fatal roll he held, Whereon it seem'd he wrote th' appalling words, Which, like consuming fire went forth, and which Ere long should scornful Judah deep confound.

But more I saw not of the wondrous scene:
For motionless, and lost in wild surprise,
Awhile, I thought I stood, till maddening doubts
My breast perplex'd. Impatient then I turn'd,
With fearful, suppliant look, upon my guide,
And fain had ask'd by whose command divine,

Or more than mortal power, scenes past, and seers Of old long sunk in death, were now reviv'd. But she (for not till then my guide distinct I saw, and never lovelier form my eyes In youthful fancy's brightest glow beheld) The purport of my thoughts divining quick, And graceful waving high her mystic wand, Vouchsaf'd, with smile ineffable, these words:-

- 'That which thou sawest, though real all to thee
- It seem'd, was but the semblance of the past.
- 'But such the magic pencil's wondrous power,
- 'That things invisible to mortal ken,
- Or dimly in perspective distant seen,
- 'I raise to view, and 'give to airy nothing
- 'A local habitation and a name.'
- Such are the wonders which thou now hast seen.
- 'Yet few among the sons of earth have known
- 'This art divine; for few myself have taught.
- 4 Raphael, the secret high was thine—'tis thine,
- O Allston, now! Fir'd at this name, the blood Impetuous rush'd upon my throbbing heart, And, 'midst the tumult which now raged within, I wak'd.

REFLECTIONS

On viewing the beautiful Moonlight Picture

BY THE SAME ARTIST.

Scene-Italy.

- 'This night, methinks, is but the day-light sick;
- ' It looks a little paler: 'tis a night
- 'Such as the day is when the sun is hid.'

Merchant of Venice.

'How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!'
And sweet it sleeps upon you distant hills!
And sweet, by some mysterious power subdued,
Now universal nature gentle sinks
To rest, and silent sheds around repose
Divine! 'Tis stillness and enchantment all!
The air is balm: and not a breath disturbs
Th' unruffled surface of the placid lake,
O'er which th' effulgent moon, that high in heaven
Now rides sublime, her silver radiance throws.

The clouds, soft, vaporous, translucent, thin,
High pois'd around the car of night's lov'd queen,
Array magnificent the blue profound;
While in its breast the fair creation wide
The watery mirrour mild reflects, not less
Than heaven's bright concave with its fleecy clouds:
And air, earth, sky, commingling soft, resign
To beauty's sway the soft, luxurious scene.
Swan of the Avon! such, O such that night
When gay Lorenzo woo'd the gentle maid
In Belmont's shades; and to th' enraptured pair
Earth seem'd itself but as the bower of love,
While the bright stars which roll'd above their heads
Harmonious mov'd, and music fill'd the air.

But lo! what domes and palaces are those?
What mouldering arches those, and tottering walls?
Which, in the distance seen, and wrapt in shade,
(Save that a gleam of light now steals along
Their tops) seem in repose oblivious sunk?
Say, is it Rome, once mistress of the world,
Imperial Rome I there behold! where Time,
Thron'd on the ruins of two thousand years,

Her gilded palaces and pillar'd fanes
Sees unreluctant crumbled in the dust!
Or is it thee, Parthenope belov'd,
Thus mock'd by distance, I perceive? or thee,
Thee, Mantua! first by rural Maro sung.
Perchance 'tis Arno's classic vale, and those
The palaces by great Lorenzo rais'd!
Perchance 'tis fair Urbino meets the view:
Urbino, name renown'd—not doom'd to die—
Nor thou, O Raphael! her immortal son.

But these are dreams—fond fancy's idle dreams! Yet who would chase them with rude noise away? Then raptur'd I'll dream on—for where not fam'd For arts or arms, O Italy! within Thy lov'd domain, e'en from the snow-clad Alps To where thy distant promontories shoot Into the main, can one lone spot be found! In thee, bright land, we seek 'whatever fair High fancy forms, or lavish hearts can wish.' To thee, on wings of ecstacy, the bard Like him of Avon flies, and in thy shades Drinks inspiration; or amid thy bowers,

Like Milton, 'e erring seeks an earthly love,
And clasps instead, sparkling with gems of heaven,
A sky-born maid! while, 'midst thy columns fall'n,
The sage, and the historian learn'd, revolve
Not less the fate of empires, than of man.

And, O Ausonia! how oft to thee, Breathless and wrapt in wonder, have the sons Of Art, through each succeeding age, repair'd, And view'd, adoring view'd, great Sanzio's works, And Buonaroti's, scarcely more sublime! Or frantic stood, with pencils dipt in heaven, And sketch'd thy landscapes brightening in the sun, Or mournful caught thy fading glories, ere Oblivion's veil had shut them from the view! Thus He, who, smitten with the love of Art, In youthful dream had rov'd th' Italian plains, And who in riper age himself had knelt In transport there! thus fondly gaz'd, ador'd, The Painter, who this mimic scene pourtrayed: Raphael his guide—yet, though adorning oft With graces not her own, to Nature true.

GREECE.

O TALE of wonder! tale in after age Of hard belief-incredible in this! That Europe's sons, who owe to Greece the lights Of science and of song, the boon of arts, And every nobler gift, should passive view Her shores polluted by a barb'rous foe! That they, whose banner is the Cross, should still Reckless behold it trampled in the dust,— While, swell'd to torrents, streams the precious blood, From Grecian veins, a deeper stain to dye Than e'er empurpled yet the hallowed soil. O England, dear to liberty! at once The stay, support, defender, of th' oppress'd, Canst thou not hear, when heavenly pity pleads In such a cause? Ah! 'from what height, how fall'n!' And thou, whose virgin vows for freedom breath'd, My darling country! To whose outstretch'd arms

The wretched fice for safety and repose, Must thou too, all resistless as thou art, Withhold thy timely succour in an hour That or restores to Greece her noblest birthright, Or rivets else indissolubly her chains! It cannot—must not be! Greece yet shall live— But hark! e'en now, methinks, I hear the shout Of despot power, and now the deepening groans Of an expiring land! Indignant Heaven! The Moslem triumphs, while the sons of sires Illustrious, drink death at savage hands. Spirit of ancient Greece! that sitt'st enthron'd Upon her everlasting hills, descend-Stoop from on high—swell loud th' heroic trump! From impious foes quick snatch the sacred band, Burst their rude bonds, and crush, remorseless crush. The stern oppressors of a glorious race.

LINES

Prompted by the perusal of the new poem, modestly entitled, "Traits of the Aborigines of America."

O S*******! say whence that loftier strain?— Heard'st thou in dewy slumbers of the night, The deep ton'd resonance of that harp divine, That, 'mid the purple bowers of Paradise, 'Wreath'd with unsullied roses,' was awak'd By seraph's touch? Or hast thou caught the notes Of that immortal lyre (silent so long) Whose golden strings, harmonious struck by him That darkling sung, Meonides of Albion, Breath'd forth such mingled strains of joy and wo For man's once blissful state, and piteous lapse, That angels, had they heard the symphony Sublime, from heaven's cerulean gates had stoop'd To catch the sounds, and at each dying fall, Tears such as angels shed; celestial tears, Had wept!

Thou loveliest daughter of the Muse!
In thy dark morn of youth, when vocal made
By thee, the lute's sweet warblings charm'd the ear—
Pieria's nymphs in vision gay, perchance,

Had wreath'd with flowers unfading thy soft brows. But now by them inspired, in higher mood
Thou dar'st adventurous to strike the lyre;
And thy unbidden numbers flow, varied,
Mellifluous, sublime.

O pause not here:
A nobler and a nobler flight essay!
Till every grove of thy own native vales,
And every hill the gladden'd notes repeat—
Till Europe's envious shores ambitious catch
The heaven-born strain, and grateful echo back
The rapturous song.

Of a long injured race
Fair advocate! Full oft O Seccess,
As o'er thy brilliant page, the eye of Taste
Delighted wanders, shall the glistening tear
Spontaneous flow for the poor Indian's wrongs.
Full oft, as view'd in retrospect (ere 'They
With brows so pale,' had to his eager lip
The poison'd chalice press'd) when like the deer,
Light bounding, he pursued the chase, and traced
His devious way amid the pathless wild,
Haughty of port, and spurning all controul—
Shall unsophisticated hearts exult,
To see in this, rude Nature's wayward son,

A type of innate majesty in man!

For thee too, 'high-soul'd Maid!' (example bright
Of constancy in woman) shall the tears

From heavenly eyes unconscious fall, though grief
Had quench'd thine own

Like her own forest flowers,
She timid shrunk from the day's garish beams,
And blossom'd in the shade; yet not e'en there
Love's rays could 'scape! She caught the gentle flame;
And with like passion burn'd the noble youth
For whom alone she liv'd. But fate dark frown'd!
Heart-struck, in solitude then pined the maid:
Till, fir'd by phrenzy, she indignant seeks
The beetling cliff—with agony transfix'd,
One piercing look amid the fields of light,
As if her lover beckon'd thence, she darts—
Then smiling, glanced at the abyss beneath,
And plung'd into the wave!

Bright Oolaita!**

Thy name, that should have glow'd amid the stars,

Perchance in drear oblivion had been wrapt;

But now, with that of S********* conjoin'd,

Shall live forever in immortal verse.

TOCKWALLERDON.

Son of the forest! liv'st thou, matchless youth? **
And, 'mid thy native wilds, with flying feet
Dost still pursue the tim'rous deer? or, with
Undanned port, meet'st thou thy shaggy foes
Cowering to elude th' unerring dart
Shot from thy forceful bow?

Or in that heaven
So wild, so blissful—where, in fragrant vales
Or shadowy groves, thy fathers waste the hours
In vision'd slumbers, or, alternate fir'd
By recollections fond, th' ethereal chase
Delighted seek—say dost thou now repose?
Where'er thou art, O listen to the song
Which thy lov'd name inspires—a name ne'er borne
Upon the wings of fame—but yet to me,
Dear as the brightest gem in Pity's crown.

Where the deep river wide his bosom clear Expands, and in his waves translucent sees Reflected soft, fair Dartmouth's classic halls,
The sinewy youth are wont to lave: and proud
Of their own strength, th' unfathom'd depths attempt
Too rashly. Here each summer's eve, the throng
Joyous assemble, eager to allay
The season's heat, and with resistless arm
Rudely to buffet the impetuous tide.
Some, belder than the rest, fearless the stream
Delight to cross; but from these vent'rous deeds
The timid shrink: yet envious view the youth
Of such rash daring.

Once it chanced that two
Upon the nether bank, alone were left.
Of these Tockwallerdon was one; he, who
Like feather on the wave might float untir'd
The live-long day; or when he will'd, could reach
The untried depths, and thence triumphant bring
The sparkling pebble. Now prepar'd to plunge
In the lov'd element, upon the brink
He stood impatient; emulous to gain
Th' opposing shore, with those who seem'd the goal
Already to attain. But eying mild
The stripling fair who wistful gaz'd with him

Upon the band, unthinking he propos'd
That he towards the farther bank might bear
Him o'er the wave. Pleased with the thought, the boy.
Though all unused beyond his depth to dare,
Yielded consent. Instant the fearless youth,
Whose humble name adorns my humbler verse,
Bends to receive his burthen—eager leaps
Into the stream, and stems with dauntless breast,
The treacherous current; soon to gain, he thinks,
The distant shore, and there, the trembling boy
In transport to release.

But him, alas!

No hope so sweet allured: the distant bank,
To him seem'd veil'd in mist—the gulph below
Unfathomable—and the friendly arm
That hitherto had firm sustain'd his weight,
Quick shrinking from his hold. What should he do
But closer cling to that frail stay? That stay
Too soon to vanish from his anxious grasp.
In vain the manly youth, his timid charge
To reassure, essay'd; yet closer still
He press'd: and now by fear convuls'd, with gripe
Resistless, seiz'd his vig'rous arm, and down

Precipitate they sunk!

But lo! where quick Uprisen, still buoyant floats th' heroic youth! Wildly he stares around; but where, O where The dear companion of his toils? Beneath Th' unpitying tide he welters low, to rise Perchance, no more! a moment's lapse may seal His doom irrevocable. Tockwallerdon That moment seiz'd, and instant plunging deep, In triumph rose with the lov'd boy; who now To air restor'd, again respir'd: but in This hour of peril, Reason fled, alarm'd, Her tottering throne, and Terrour hideous eying The timorous victim of no coward fears, (Like the dread Crotalus his fluttering prey) Quite vanquish'd him. Again he sinks-again Entangled in his arms, the sturdier youth Sinks in the liquid gulph.

Hah! dost thou mark?

Dost mark you swelling wave? O piteous Heaven!

Thine arm is there: by that upborne, behold

Once more, th' inseparable pair, to light,

To life restor'd; yet trembling still upon

The verge of fate. Incomparable youth!

Why, why prolong the desperate struggle? perish
The boy, and save, O save thy dearer self!

'Tis Nature, Duty, prompts the pious act:
And hark! thy lov'd companions, frantic now.
In pity of thy fate, incessant urge
The sacrifice. "No, let me perish first—
Perish Tockwallerdon," in accent faint
Return'd the youth, "ere I, on terms so base,
A wretched being should prolong."

And now

Exhausted nature could no more; his heart Almost to bursting swell'd, reluctant seem'd Quick yielding to its fate—and they, within Each other's arms again fast lock'd, to seek Beneath the deepening wave, a long repose. That sullen wave (O wondrous destiny) Disparting once again, a third time closed Above their heads!

But whence that burst of joy? Do they still live? does he, the chieftain's son,
The generous youth, still live? lo where he floats
All motionless, extended at his length,

And every latent spark of life extinct.

Favourite of Heaven, farewell! Angels shall chant
Thy requiem soft, and heavenly pity, thy
Lov'd memory embalm.

Yet look! he moven—
O Goodness infinite! the vital flame
Seems o'er his soul to steal, and wake once more
To all the stern realities of life,
The hapless youth. Ah! not unconscious he:
Though pale Expectancy is mute, and Hope
On trembling wings to Mercy's seat has fled.
One effort more, perchance, he yet intends—
One effort more to save the wretched boy,
Or to a watery grave, himself consign.
He's gone! where youder ripple curls the wave,
He sinks—he dies!

Hall he yet lives—for son. Slow rising, see the intrepled youth, and in His arms (O saddening sight) the breathless lary! All what to him is more this beauteous sky, These airs Farming, and the reprovess span. Of his lor'd brothers! generalize he floats.

Nor feels the glow of gorder setting our.

Nor drinks the fragrant breeze, nor hears the notes
Of gratulation, bursting warm from tongues
Innumerous, while toward the shore, upborne
By that dear arm, he silent moves along.
And now, blest Heaven, 'tis gain'd! and now, O power
Of love beneficent! a genial warmth
Into his breast examinate is quick
Infused—o'er his wan cheek contagious steals
The crimson glow of latent life—one pang,
A momentary pang shoots through his brain—
And sudden waking as from troubled dream,
He pants—he breathes—he lives!

NOTES.

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NOTES.

Hail! glorious vestiges of ancient art,
Ye proud memorials of an age unknown,
That here, sav'd from the wreck of envious Time,
In sol.tary grandeur awful stand—
Say whence your origin?

Note 1-Page 5.

PESTUR, a city in that portion of Italy, anciently called Lucania, whose magnificent remains have but recently attracted the curiosity of the world, is situated in a southwardly direction from Naples, and though within a comparatively short distance of that gay metropolis, seems to have been buried for ages in the most profound oblivion. Its history is veiled in obscurity; and great discrepancy of opinion has prevailed in respect to its antiquities: though it is now, I believe, generally conceded that they are of Greek origin. 'The marks of ancient Grecian art,' observes Wilkins, 'are indelibly imprinted on them.' Some, however, attribute the monuments of Pæstum to a remoter age, and suppose them to be the works of the Dorians, the founders of the city. Yet, however antiquaries may disagree as to the builders, they all unite in extolling the beauty and grandeur of the edifices themselves: it has even been asserted that Pæstum, in regard to the magnificence of its buildings, must have been but little inferior to the renowned city of Athens itself.

Several very splendid works have already been published on the antiquities of Pæstum. Delagardette, a French architect, and the author of one of them, expresses himself in the following animated terms on beholding for the first time these astonishing ruins, and their accompanying scenery:—

"La plus vive émotion a dû pénétrer les voyageurs heureux, qui ont pu vaincre les obstacles, et parvenir a travers les plaines de la Grèce, de l'Asie, et de l'Egypte, aux villes d'Athénes, de Balbec, de Palmyre, et de Thèbes! Telle fut celle que j'éprouvai dans toute sa force en arrivant dans la Lucanie, en arrivant à Pæstum. Et à la verité quelle scene imposante pour un artiste observateur, que celle de voir sur les rivages de la mer, un espace immense et aride, entouré de murailles, couvert de colonnes et de monuments majestueux, où sous un beau ciel qu' aucun nuage n' obscurcit, regne le silence le plus absolu : n' ayant d' autres habitants autour de lui que ses compagnous de voyage, que quelques rustres occupés à faire paître des buffles, que des pierres et des serpents. Combien un pareil ensemble doit lui faire naître d'idées diverses et de reflexions profondes! Vivement ému, j'etois dans une sorte de délire, à l'aspect du tableau extraordinaire qui se dérouloit devant moi. Mais portant mes regards sur chacun des monuments en particulier, je crus appercevoir ce genie sublime qui avoit presidé à l'invention de ces chef-d'œuvres, et le savoir profond qui avoit conduit leur execution."

Eustace and Forsyth are the latest travellers who have given a description of Pæstum. The former, who viewed its august remains with the eye of an enthusiast and the imagination of a poet, has appropriated some pages to their description: and the latter, who was not apt to see things in too favourable a light, experienced all the fervour of a devotee while he contemplated them. "On entering the walls of Pæstum," says Forsyth, "I felt all the religion of the place. I trod as on sacred ground. I stood amazed at the long obscurity of its mighty ruins. Taking into view their immemorial antiquity, their astonishing

preservation, their grandeur, or rather grandiosity, their bold columnar elevation, at once massive and open, their severe simplicity of design, that simplicity in which art generally begins, and to which, after a thousand revolutions of ornament, it again returns—taking, I say, all into one view, I do not hesitate to call these the most impressive monuments that I ever beheld!"

The columns of three temples with their broken entablatures and pediments, and a long range of dilapidated walls, are almost the only objects which now strike the eye of the beholder. These, indeed, sufficiently betoken the magnificence and grandeur of the ancient city; and must, as long as any fragments of them remain, continue to attract the attention and excite the admiration of the traveller and antiquary. The largest temple is nearly two hundred feet in length, and in breadth, about eighty: and its columns, with a diameter of little less than seven feet, do not attain an elevation of quite thirty. The entablature in height, is about three sevenths of that of the columns. From these measurements some idea may be formed of the prodigious bulk and massiveness of the constituent parts of the edifice; and of their grandeur in a collective point of view. The dimensions of the next largest building do not differ materially from the foregoing: but the smallest temple little exceeds one hundred feet in length and falls short of a moiety of that number in breadth. The walls of the city remain in all their circumference, five at least, and in some places, twelve feet in height: they are formed of solid blocks of stone of a quadrangular form (not polyedrick as Forsyth affirms) with towers at intervals. The arch way of one gate only, stands entire. Considering the materials and extent of this rampart, and its once great elevation, it must be acknowledged that it was on the whole a work of great strength and magni-

More need not be added. The subject may, in the absence,

of historical facts, at first view appear a barren one; but in other hands it would be susceptible of the highest poetical embellishment, and lead to reflections of the deepest interest.

The proud coevals of Imperial Rome.

Note 2-page 14.

There is, perhaps, a little poetical license in this; though it accords well enough with the dreams of some antiquaries. Winkelmann's testimony, too, is to the purpose: "Ces édifices (says he) sont sans contredit, les plus anciens monumens que nous ayons de l'árchitecture Grecque." And it has been elsewhere observed, "that about the time when the temples of Pæstum were built, architecture seems to have received that degree of improvement which the elegant taste of the Greeks had struck out from the rude masses of the Egyptians, the first inventors of this, as of many other arts."

Who from mid heaven, To which thy misty tops ascend, Alburnus, Shall tumble thee to earth?

Note 3-page 18.

Alburnus is a mountain of considerable elevation in the vicinity of Pastum: Virgil has rendered the name familiar to classical ears. There is a mountful pleasure in contrasting the perishable works of man, with the eternal monuments of nature.

That ocean's god, The tutelary god, should his own seat Forsake?

Note 4-page 18.

Pastum was dedicated to Neptune. It is affirmed that the sea has retreated from this and the neighbouring coasts.

Here too amid the waste, with blush of morn, Breathing Subean sweets, still lonely blooms, And shall forever bloom, thy lovely rose, O Pastum.

Note 5-page 19.

"A few rose bushes, the remnants of biferi rosaria Passi, flourish neglected here and there, and still blossom twice a year, in May and in December, as if to support their ancient fame, and justify the descriptions of the poets."—Classical Tour, &c.

'Twas on that dubious morn, That Nitis, daughter of a race contemn'd, &c. Note 6—page 23.

The Rev. Mr. Heckewelder, the able defender of the North American Indians (a race of men of lofty and original minds, and worthy of a better fate) relates a most affecting story of a woman belonging to one of their tribes, who, with her three children, undertook a journey at the commencement of the severe winter of 1739—40, over the Apalachian mountains, to visit her friends on one of the islands in the Susquehanna. It is indeed a tale of horrour; but it displays in a striking point of view the greatness of the Indian character. The principal facts related by Mr. H. will be found in the little tale which I have entitled * Enda Mohatink: but it would be difficult to reader the story more pathetic than it is in the simple original.

'Enda Mohatink' means literally, the place where human flesh was eaten; and the word 'Nitis,' a confidential friend.

The Indian's number delighted to prolong.

Note 7—page 24.

The Autumnal months in many parts of North America, are very delightful. So warm and balmy are they, indeed, that we

seem still to feel the genial influences of the more fervid season, amid the gradual decay of the leaf and the extinction of verdure. And as this is the period when the Indians take most delight in the chase (and it is this which constitutes their richest harvest) the season has hence been emphatically styled the Indian Summer.

For on the instant whelm'd Beneath the bounding surge, the shatter'd bark Low sunk by the incumbent weight, scarce rose Again: and all within (alas! not all)

Were deep immersed beneath the briny wave.

Note 8—page 39.

. The circumstances attending a late disastrous shipwreck, must be fresh in the recollection of almost every one. A vessel on board of which were passengers, men, women, and children, encountered a storm, and in the midst of it was (to use a nautical phrase) suddenly thrown on her beam ends; in consequence of which she immediately filled with water. The passengers who were in the cabin were drowned; but several seamen who were likewise below at the moment, escaped a like fate, by clambering out of the reach of the water, for some portion of the hull of the vessel still remained above the surface of the sea. Yet a more melancholy situation than theirs cannot well be conceived of. They were enveloped in darkness, cut off from all means of escape, and left to the mercy of the winds and waves. Such as happened to survive the storm without, were happily taken from the wreck soon after it abated; but those within were ignorantly abandoned to their fate. Even these, however, were, by a sort of miracle, afterwards released!

The sonnet entitled 'The Solitary of the Wreck,' commemorates another extraordinary instance of preservation from ship-wreck. In this case little more than the keel of the vessel was

discernible above the water! It should seem that there must have been a presentiment that a human being was incarcerated in it.

Thus manion super!. and ye steems of deingle!
Here long will ye raviols the heart and the eye?—
Hele. the spell is dissue; i—and to then all us man, and a drawn, which must ent in a heart rending righ.

Note 2.—Page 56.

As the subject of Funtial seems to have engraved the attention of the British public for a considerable time part, and as it has excited some degree of curronty on him side of the water, the following beset account of it may not prove mintenesting to those who have not not an approximity of sending the publications of the cay. The case of Mr. Bestivet is, indeed, a striking minuse of the minustify of fortune and may well produce ninem in the results of home was feel most secure of her foreign.

Frantial Cilians, as extent a controllarization to the adjusting manne of I surfail Biology, who, at the person of the Engineering-inverse, need by the meant family of Cilian from which i pament and he made of the Term "and Letterme, and surresources through where conserve actualing from their meting he mass-regions, and he Continguous before and after the semanticus, iii i was prechanced by Tillians Revisions, he interest in the present proportion, and famous in the measure of the city of landon for a void communicative of the masses of the city of landon for a void communicative of the famous in the magnetic and was to be magnetical proportion at the city of the Continue and was to be family proportion of landons in the land of the Continue out, the present proportions was a manner interesting a statum counterment measure of proportions of the species of such or one, the measurement proportions of a special proposition of the status of these allegations of the status of these allegations, the measurement of the second of the status of the second of the status of the second of

young owner of Fonthill commenced his career. Alderman Beckford, in the plenitude of his fortune, had, when the former mansion was destroyed by fire, built a noble house in the grounds to the right of what is now the entrance-gate on the London road, and fronting a fine basin of water, agreeably to the fashion of that time. But this noble residence fell far short of the ambition of his successor, who ordered it to be demolished, and, with a profusion probably unexampled in the history of an individual, commenced the superb design which now receives, as it always attracted, the admiration of the country.

In order to understand the effect of this extraordinary structure, you must imagine a lofty hill, completely surrounded by a circle of lesser hills, of which it forms nearly the centre. It commands the whole of them. They are distant from it about five or six miles all round, being in some parts regular, in some beautifully undulated, in others bold and abrupt. The interval between the central hill and those in the circumference, is hollowed out by the hand of nature into a number of irregular valleys, whose deepest recesses are in the neighbourhood of this Abbey. The sides of the surrounding hills present for the most part gentle and extended declivities, though here and there, in the half distance, breasts of land suddenly swell out from the bosom of the vale, which give diversity and shading to the prospect. On the west, north, and particularly on the south, these hills and breasts of land are thickly wooded, the declivities are divided into fields for corn or pasture, the vallies are planted with shrubs and choice trees in the most picturesque taste, and in some places they are laid out in green lawns and gardens, which always fascinate the eye. Upon the summit of the central hill stands Fonthill Abbey; thus commanding on every side such varied and enchanting prospects as are scarcely to be found in any other part of England—rich without gorgeousness, harmonicus

without monotony, simple without negligence—such as we conceive in imagination when we dream of the Happy Valley of Rasselas.

The edifice is built in the monastic style, and presents in new and solid perfection a pile of Gothic architecture, not unlike that of Westminster Abbey. It is in the form of a cross, the longest branch of which extends towards the east, the shortest towards the west; the two aisles [the transepts] are of equal length, one to the north, the other to the south, the whole four branches being in excellent proportion. The centre where the four divisions meet, is in the shape of an octagon, which is formed by eight double clustered piers of great height and massive beauty. These piers sustain eight lofty pointed arches, and upon these arches is raised an immense tower. which forms the principal external feature of the Abbey It is about 280 feet in height, and rises in a square form, from between four pediments. Lofty as it is, it is yet unfinished; the spire remains to be added, which, from the proportion, must be raised at least 120 feet. This is to be surmounted by a cross. and the whole, when finished, will present a tower and spire, whose highest point will be 400 feet from the ground. Some idea may be formed of the extensive view which the highest galleries afford, when it is observed that the base of the tower is as high as the top of the spire of Salisbury cathedral, which is remarkable for its altitude. On one occasion, when this lofty tower was pushing its crest towards heaven, an elevated part of it caught fire and was destroyed. The sight was sublime; and we have heard that it was a spectacle which the owner of the mansion enjoyed with as much composure as if the flames had not been devouring what it would cost a fortupe to repair! and we can readily credit this report, for we are well assured that the building was carried on by him with an energy and enthusiasm of which duller minds can hardly form a conception. At one period

every cart and wagon in the district were pressed into the service, though all the agricultural labours of the country stood still. At another, even the royal works of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, were abandoned, that 460 men might be employed night and day on Fonthill Abbey. These men were made to relieve each other by regular watches; and during the longest and darkest nights of winter, the astonished traveller might see the tower rising under their hands, the trowel and torch being associated for that purpose. This must have had a very extraordinary appearance; and we are told that it was another of those exhibitions which Mr. Beckford was fond of contemplating. He is represented as surveying the work thus expedited, the busy levy of masons, the high and giddy dancing of the lights, and the strange effects produced upon the architecture, and woods below, from one of those eminences in the walks which we have already described, and wasting the coldest hours of December darkness in feasting his sense with this display of almost superhuman power. These singular traits of character will not surprise those who have made mankind their study. It is the very course of nature, when satisfied with all that inordinate wealth can purchase, to aim at higher, probably at extravagant sources of gratification: and the minds most nearly allied to genius, are the most apt to plunge into these extremes.

It appears that the cause of this magnificent place being sold is, that Mr. Beckford has suffered great, and indeed irreparable, losses in his West-India property. The truth is, that there are executions in the Abbey, at this moment, to a vast amount. The view of the effects has taken place entirely under the control of the Sheriff; and the persons who have been taken for the Abbey servants, and whose civil demeasour in exhibiting the rarities of the place, calls for our acknowledgments, are no other than Sheriff's officers. The produce of the admission tick-

ets, which probably amounts to ten thousand pounds, [about 50,000 dollars] goes towards the liquidation of the debts. Looking at the matter in this view, it cannot but excite painful and melancholy reflections on the tenure by which men hold the goods of this life. Those who were acquainted with Mr. Beckford's circumstances some years ago, thought him so secure in the enjoyment of a princely income, that he was absolutely beyond the reach of fortune. He at one time was in the actual receipt of one hundred and sixty thousand pounds [700,000 dollars] a year! It cannot be said of him that he wasted his inheritance at the gaming table. This palace, which he raised on a barren mountain, the greater part of those vast plantations which surround it—the collection of books, and rare works of art, and the superb furniture, which give such peculiar dignity and splendour to the interior of his residence, speak at once the immensity of his means, and attest the propriety and gracefulness of their application. To him, who, whatever you may hear to the contrary, seems really to have devoted his whole force to the business of making this abbey realize the most fascinating visions of a noble imagination, such a frustration of all his hopes, in the evening of his life, must be poignant beyond the common intensity of human feelings. The abbey was the only enjoyment he had in this world. There he saw the years and seasons succeed each other, without any society, feeding his fancy amid the splendid and romantic solitude around him. Imbued with the spirit of elegant literature, gifted with poetic inspirations far beyond those which have raised many modern names to celebrity, a perfect master of the living languages, and not unskilled in the lore of antiquity, passionately fond of music, painting, and the liberal arts, he divided his hours amongst the various elegant employments which his accomplished mind, his uninterrupted seclusion, and his inexhaustible resources, must have rendered transcendently delightful."

English Newspaper.

Th' untutor'd painter saw in thee, and smil'd, The youthful warrior of his native wild. Note 10—page 57.

"The Italians, concluding that, as he was an American, he must, of course, have received the education of a savage, became curious to witness the effect which the works of art in the Belvidere and Vatican would produce on him. It was agreed that the Apollo should be first submitted to his view, because it was the most perfect work among all the ornaments of Rome, and, consequently, the best calculated to produce that effect which the new acquaintances of the young painter were anxious to witness. The statue then stood in a case, enclosed with doors, which could be so opened as to disclose it at once to full view. West was placed in the situation where it was seen to the most advantage, and the spectators (among whom were some of the first nobility of Rome) arranged themselves on each side. When the keeper threw open the doors, the Artist felt himself surprised with a sudden recollection altogether different from the gra. tification which he had expected; and, without being aware of the force of what he said, exclaumed, 'My God, how like it is to a young Mohawk warrior!' The Italians observing his surprise, and hearing the exclamation, requested Mr. Robinson to translate to them what he said; and they were excessively mortified to find that the god of their idolatry was compared to a savage. Mr. Robinson mentioned to West their chagrin, and asked him to give some more distinct explanation, by informing him what sort of people the Mohawk Indians were. He described to him their education; their dexterity with the bow and arrow; the admirable elasticity of their limbs; and how much their active life expands the chest, while the quick breathing of their speed in the chase, dilates the nostrik with that apparent consciousness of vigour which is so nobly depicted in the Apollo. 'I have seen them often,' added he, 'standing in that

very attitude, and pursuing, with an intense eye, the arrow which they had just discharged from the bow.' This descriptive explanation did not lose by Mr. Robinson's translation. The Italians were delighted, and allowed that a better criticism had rarely been pronounced on the merits of the statue."

Galt's Life of West.

The little volume from which I have made the foregoing extract, is an amusing work; and some of the incidents recorded in it would furnish very beautiful subjects for the pencil. It is, as it purports to be, a mere sketch of the early life of West: but if it had not been written under the eye of the venerable President, we might be inclined to doubt the truth of some of the facts stated in it. An authentic life of the great Painter, accompanied by a just and candid criticism, and faithful analysis of his principal works, is still a desideratum.

I wish I were in Heaven. Note 11-Page 62.

The incidents which led to the composition of this, and the following little piece, happened in childhood; a period of life when tears softly descend like April showers, and are dissipated as soon; to be succeeded at length, alas! by the lurid skies and the parching winds of the the desert.

What shadowy form is that I see Slow moving in the twilight gloom, The semblance sad of misery? Note 12—Page 65.

"The mother of the Indian Chief who died this summer, and who is far advanced in years, now remains in a tent at the distance of a few rods from our fort. Almost every day, just as the sun is sinking below the horizon, the venerable woman goes to

the place where her deceased son, when alive, was accustomed to encamp (when he came to the fort) and there weeps, and sings a mournful kind of song, of which the following is a translation: 'My dear son, come to me! why do you leave me, my son?' This she repeats for two hours together, in the most plaintive and melancholy tone imaginable."

Harmon's Journal.

What spectacle in nature is there so mournful as that of a mother weeping over a lost son? and was there ever a sadder picture, presented to the imagination, than that which the above extract offers? How forcibly are we reminded, in reading it, of a similar instance of parental grief recorded in Holy Writ; "And the King was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said—O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom: Would to God I had died for thee, Absalom, my son, my son!" Sorrow invades the palace as well as the cabin; and the language in both these instances, is that of nature and of feeling.

Wretch forlorn, I go, I go, 4c.
Note 13-Page 67.

"The songs of the Indians are in general of the warlike, or of the tender and pathetic kind. They are sung in short sentences, not without some kind of measure, harmonious to an Indian ear. Nor do they always sing the whole at one time, but generally in detached parts, and as the occasion or their feelings prompt them."

Hockswelder.

The 'Song of the Lenape Warrior, on going to battle,' is the same as that which is translated by the rev. author above quoted. I have only endeavoured to give a poetical version of it.

*** It should have been mentioned in Note 10, that the introductory lines of 'The Apollo Belvidere,' are an imitation of Delille.

Thou sleep'st in marble now, O West! Note 14—Page 71.

The late venerable President of the Royal Academy, (though he must soon have found a rival among his own countrymen) was justly regarded by the world as the ablest American painter: for such he must be considered, although he passed sixty years of a long and brilliant life in the country of his adoption. To that country he was, indeed, much indebted; and I am rejoiced that it participates in his fame. To an ever ardent love of his profession, West added the most indefatigable industry, and a consummate knowledge of the art. I have, in truth, heard it asserted (and the assertion was made by one who knew him intimately, and from whose judgment there can be no appeal) that he was the most learned painter of his day. It has been much the fashion, at times, to decry his talents; and it will readily be conceded that if he had painted less, his same would have rested upon a more imperishable basis. Yet West enjoyed during his lifetime, a degree of celebrity which is allotted to but very few men; and his name will be remembered long after most of his cotemporaries are forgotten. It is unfortunate for us, that the only specimen of importance which we possess, of the works of the master (I allude to the great picture at Philadelphia) should be a copy. The venerable artist, indeed, assured his countrymen that it was superior to that which he originally intended for the Hospital: but although he probably deceived himself (as was the case with Milton, in respect to his poem of Paradise Regained) we must not impose upon ourselves. Simond, who is fastidious to a fault on the subject of pictures, acknowledges that West would be entitled to the epithet great, if he had rainted no other pictures than those of the 'Death of Wolfe,' and 'the Battle of La Hogue.

No one can doubt for an instant, on whom the mantle of West has fallen. With Him, it will not only remain untarnished, but

will acquire such additional brilliancy, that no lapse of time can diminish its lustre. I shall not here repeat a name, for the introduction of which at all, it becomes me humbly to apologize; not to the public, indeed—that name will never pall upon their ear—but to the artist himself. For although 1 am not sensible that I have indulged in any extravagance of eulogy, that gentleman, I know, would shrink as intuitively from all gross adulation or unmeaning praise, as Virgil was accustomed suddenly to withdraw from the ardent gaze of the Roman multitude.

I cannot omit, on this occasion, to notice again one more American artist whose opinion I have already quoted, and who, in the department of portrait painting, is without a rival—need I mention the name of Stuart? His portraits have a peculiar air of dignity and propriety—his touch is bold and masterly—and his colouring such as Titian himself would not disdain to own. That his imagination is as brilliant, and his power over the pencil as perfect, as ever, no one, who has viewed the portraits of the five Presidents, (recently exhibited in Boston) can hesitate to affirm.

In the junior class of American artists are two young men who seem to have entered upon a career of glory—I allude to Leslie and Newton.

For as Thou bidd'st, &c. Note 15-Page 73.

The pictures here referred to, are all emanations of the same Genius. The Saint Peter delivered from Prison, was purchased by Sir George Beaumont, and now forms the altar piece of a chapel. The Dand man restored to life by touching the bones of Elisha, belongs to the Academy of Arts in Philadelphia, and is the most precious of all its acquisitions: indeed it there stands alone. The Earl of Egremont has the Jacob's Dream—a picture in which the whole soul of poetry is emphatically said to be con-

centrated. The Angel Uriel, a production not unlike the last mentioned in many respects, adorns the splendid Gallery of the Marquis of Stafford. The Jeremiah, which justly merits the encomiums that have been lavished upon it, is happily in the possession of a private individual in Boston. Elijah fed by the Ravens (a splendid effort in landscape painting) and the Belshazzar (a picture not yet finished, and which will probably surpass all anterior works of the same pencil) are in the hands of the painter.

We may boast of possessing, in addition to those already mentioned as being in this country, about five and twenty other pictures by the same artist. The Witch of Endor, a very beautiful cabinet picture, which I have included in the above estimate, was purchased not long since by the Hen. T. H. Perkins, one of the few gentlemen in this country who have the means as well as the disposition to encourage the arts.

They wake! O Heavens! what now avails their seal? Precipitous their maddening course they keep,
And recling now they make the shuddering leap,
Down dash'd 'mid watery worlds, with all their weal!

Note 16—Page 76.

Not many months since, three men were precipitated over the cataract of Niagara. They had fallen asleep in their beat, and getting within the mighty current, were swept irresistibly away. Can the mind conceive of a more terrific—a more sublime situation than theirs, just before the fatal catastrophe?

1.

O blush, ye monarche,
Bhush that a subject should the first conosive
The thought sublime—nor that, indeed, alone—
But boldly enter on the great emprise.

Note 17-Page 85.

The article entitled 'Canova' was written some time ago. The idea of the restoration of the Parthenon appeared to me, even then, an illusion; but, having heard much of the munificence of that great man, I considered it an event not altogether improbable. Yet if the idea was merely illusory, it was too pleasing to be banished from the mind at once. So far from being restored, the Parthenon is said to have been nearly destroyed during the recent struggles for the possession of the citadel of Athens. Thanks to the enlightened zeal of the inhabitants of North Britain, the world will soon possess an incomparable model of that matchless temple. Admitting that the Parthenon should not have been destroyed, we are not to hope for its restoration in these degenerate times. When monarchs can behold with indifference a whole people exterminated by a ruthless and savage foe, they must witness with still less concern the destruction of their temples. No; we must wait till another Hadrian arise—or till other munificent patrons of the arts, like him on whom I have bestowed the meed of praise, shall come upon the stage. For now,

Lo! where by Genius and by Taste deplor'd,
As once by an admiring world ador'd—
Lo where inurn'd the great Canova sleeps!
While bending near lov'd Art desponding weeps:
And all the nymphs of Helicon prepare
To shade with bays the dust which moulders there.

As once the follower of the Prince of Peace.
Note 18—page 87.

I have in this piece endeavoured, though with but little success, to present to the mind's eye a noble picture exhibited a year or two since, in the metropolis of this state; The subject— Jeremiah dictating to Baruch his prophecy of the destruction of Jerusalem.

Or amid thy bowers;
Like Milton, erring seeks an earthly love,
And clasps instead, sparkling with gems of heaven,
A sky-born maid!

Note 19-Page 94.

The beautiful story concerning Milton, to which an allusion is made in the above lines, may not be recollected by every one. It is probably apocryphal, but is scarcely the less interesting on that account.

An Italian lady, travelling near Cambridge while Milton was at the university, happened to discover him asleep by the road side. The incident excited her curiosity, and she stopped to survey the youth. Struck with his extraordinary personal charms, she immediately wrote with her pencil a few lines from an Italian poet (which I have imitated below) and without disturbing his slumbers, deposited them by his side. The surprise of the youth when he awoke, may readily be imagined. It was in pursuit of this lady that Milton, it is said, made his journey to Italy: and this, we are to believe, was the origin of the immortal poem of Paradise Lost!!

FROM THE STALIAN.

Eyes that earthly stars enclose,
Eyes, the authors of my woes;
That in dreams (your power how dread!)
Tell me that ye wish me dead—
If when shut ye wound me so,
What when open must ye do?

Oolaita!

Note 20-Page 39.

I believe Captain Pike was the first traveller in the Interior who related the story of Oolaita: he considered it a wonderful instance of sentiment in a savage! At this I am not surprised; for he appears to have possessed a goodly portion of the leaven of our ancestors, and like them could find no other epithets for the inmates of our forests, but "dogs," "rascals," "scoundrels" and "devils." For the name of the heroine above mentioned, we are indebted to Mr. Schoolcraft. The story is inimitably told by the accomplished author of the poem to which I have referred in the text.

Tockwallerdon.

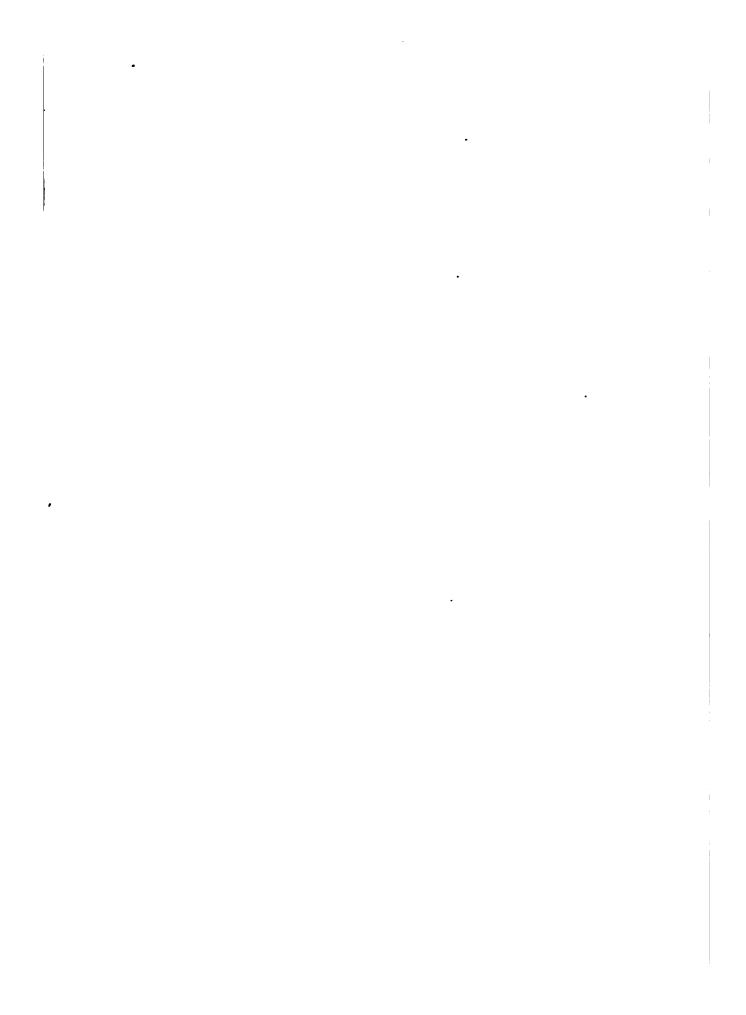
Note 21-page 100.

I could not suffer so remarkable an instance of heroism, as that which I have attempted to celebrate, to pass wholly unnoticed; though I never heard of this noble youth's name, till the hast sheets of the text were printing. Tockwallerdon I am informed belonged to the Five Nations; and was an under-graduate, in 1804-5, of Dartmouth College; though he could not have taken a degree, as his name does not appear in the catalogue. The account of the drowning scene was orally communicated to me by a gentleman on whose veracity I can rely; and as I have already given too circumstantial an account of it, nothing more is necessary to be added here. It may not, however, be amiss to observe, that during the perilous struggle, the classmates of the young Indian repeatedly urged him to abandon his companion, and save his own life; but their warmest entreaties had no effect on him: he would have considered life of no value if redeemed on such terms. I regret that I have not had time to abridge or modify the piece. I may well lament, indeed, the imperfection of the whole volume; for it has been for the most part very hastily composed.

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